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SHOALS AND QUICKSANDS.

It is not to be doubted that there are great inconsistencies in the way in which we talk of our northern enemy—and think of him too, perhaps. One day we are rejoicing in our strength, and look down with, at least, as much scorn as wrath on Russian barbarism; the next we are fretting with a sickly fear, lest we be “tangled in the meshes of Russian diplomacy!” We who have walked so long in the light of civilisation—who march the march of intellect as naturally as crabs go side-wise—who brag only of ourselves when we boast of the nineteenth century,—we actually admit that, as long as we are allowed to fight it out after the true British manner, all will go well; but, say we, ‘ware diplomacy! As soon as our rulers listen to a word of it—as soon as the contest becomes intellectual—then are we lost, bamboozled, faked, sold—all forlorn.

Whence this feeling arises, or how far its existence goes to prove our superiority, we shall not inquire. It is more to our purpose that it does exist—that we are conscious of it as a miserable, helpless feeling, quite worthy of Mr. Dorrit in the weakest era of his existence. It has been uppermost any time during the war; it is naturally uppermost now—now that our armies are leg-tied, our fleets are banished by ice-floes, and new overtures opened between St. Petersburg and the Courts of the Allies. Last, and most important: the feeling is not likely to be classed among popular delusions, for there are solid grounds for it, though not exactly, perhaps, what we oftenest hear assigned.

To be explicit. Last year, or soon after the first successes of the Allies, we heard that Russia was willing to listen to terms; to discuss Points—four or more. Long before the ceremony of discussing these points was ended—and the points rejected in a manner which left no doubt that a real disposition to accept them never existed—the people of this country and of France had come to the conclusion that Russia was merely amusing us. The question was, With what designs? The majority answered the question in this wise:—that it was a feint, for the purpose of suspending the operations of the Allies, and giving time to the enemy. It was also said, and even printed, that a sort of ‘a manner of instructions had been sent to our commanders not to act too briskly, until the result of the negotiations became clear. Such tender consideration for the foe, however, could only have been gilding the refined gold of our Generals’ caution: we dismiss it, therefore, as improbable. And to admit that the object of Russia was to gain so much by our benignity, is to admit that she had boundless faith in our stupidity. Besides, the

object was more than half guaranteed beforehand by the caution above alluded to. What, then, was the real design? Our own view of it will be seen presently.

Once more, as soon as arms are idle (perforce), news of peace negotiations are bruited abroad. At first they seem to have been set a-foot on behalf of the Allies; but our surprise at that is soon calmed—we hear that the first advance was again made by the enemy. And made thus:—a Russian diplomatist candidly admits that his master is ready to treat for peace on this condition, for one—that no ships of war shall appear in the Black Sea save Russian and Turkish ships only, the number of each to be agreed upon by the Czar and the Porte alone. Now certainly, after this, we are bound to admit that Russia must have boundless faith in our stupidity. Last time

she baited the diplomatic line with really a substantial-looking shadow; this year even that is deemed an unnecessary artifice, and the barbarians of the North deliberately propose to tickle us out of our element. They confidently lead off with an insult—a prodigious mockery—not to be surpassed on any future occasion, unless, indeed, they stipulate for the restoration of the Irish Channel to its ancient natural Muscovite masters. But it succeeds. The Czar’s fingers no sooner trouble the waters, than we swim lazily up to them, turn over on our sides, and acquiesce in the tickling. No sooner does he pipe than we dance. His counsellors, we repeat, lead off with this insult, her Majesty’s counsellors briskly follow, and we are involved in the dreaded “meshes of Russian diplomacy”—dreaded, whether rightly or wrongly.

At this point it will be urged: Surely you will not deery any attempt to negotiate an honourable peace; and though Russia may propose absurd conditions, that is no reason why the Allies should not reply with rational ones. This last proposition certainly seems incontrovertible; but we venture to deny it. It does not embrace the whole case. We should consider, first, whether, on the one hand, these negotiations were opened with an honest desire to conclude with peace; and, on the other hand, whether, *simply by falling into these negotiations*, we do not fulfil and carry out the whole object of the northern diplomatists.

Now, because the opening proposition of Russia is absurd—to its own knowledge utterly impossible of acceptance, and an insult into the bargain—we have a right to assume that its immediate desire is *not* the conclusion of peace. The means have usually some proportion to the end; the end has been, and could only be, to open discussion; then we have a right to assume that this was the end proposed. And now, suppose it can be shown that, in accomplishing this end, Russia actually makes approaches to the most signal and complete success—more signal and complete than the sacking of any city, or the annihilation of any army. We believe this can be shown.

Russia’s difficulty is not an army two hundred thousand strong, nor an overwhelming navy, nor cities besieged, nor territory invaded, any more than the bucket is the well. The alliance of France and England is for her the fountain of all difficulty. The union of their fleets and armies is almost perfect, and our enemy is aware, that even to beat them in a pitched battle would only weld the strands still closer, if bloodshed in a common cause has not suddenly lost its virtue. Against our power, then, she may strive in vain. Break it she cannot, or, at best,



ARAB SENTRY OF THE TURKISH IRREGULAR ARMY.—A SKETCH BY A. J. W. [unclear]

only by processes protracted and ruinous to the last degree. Another course is open to her—the cheapest, safest, best—to disintegrate our power; and there are several vulgar methods of attempting it. Such machinery as the fostering of jealousies, exciting suspicions, disseminating rumours, a hired press (thank God, there is not one to let in all England), are well known, and well known to the astute intellects of the North as rather worse than useless. But there is a law never out of date, and acting with the same potency in all climates—that where two people meet, opinions diverge. Castor failed to win Pollux from the ring to the turf; and it is probable that Pylades was not pledged to the tailor of his friend. It is probable, however—highly probable—that they avoided discussing such questions, since their alliance remained unbroken.

And here is the gist and moral of these remarks. In keeping up the Four-Point shuttlecock last year, in playing at Peace-negotiation now, the Russian Cabinet keep the same aim—simply to furnish the Allies with matter for discussion, and, consequently, for disagreement. It is no matter how insignificant in themselves the probable points of difference may be, since disagreement is a *fixed quantity*, and, after concession, remains to irritate the conceiver. Discreetly the enemy chooses the time for setting this scheme afloat—the time when, chafing in compelled idleness, and at the insufficient results of the past campaign, the Allied Governments may well be supposed anxious to improve any opportunity for “sharp practice,” in the attorney application of that term. And have we not already heard it reported of Napoleon, how he should say, or did not say (it's the same thing), that so-and-so “is not our intention—at least, not mine?”

But what if we put no faith in that story, except as it emanated from the heated desires of those who would fain realise it? What if we concede that the small differences of opinion likely to arise on any negotiation are, in the highest degree, unlikely to endanger the alliance—that they will only fret and harass the Allies a little, and at last be covered over with courtesies and fine honey?—why, then, the mischief is not all averted. If Russia's grand object is to disturb the union of France and England, she has another, nearly as important, in preventing the accession to that union of any other Power. “Any other Power” means, at the present moment, Austria. Austria, therefore, is a party to these new negotiations; so that if she has any romantic faith in the integrity of the alliance, she may be warned by the contemplation of any, the smallest, signs of disagreement between the maritime Powers. No matter how small; for, in the vacillating scale of Austrian politics, every feather, every grain, grows ponderous and important.

This view of the case we venture to suggest as worthy of consideration. The reader will perceive, at any rate, that our first business is to preserve the alliance—that of Russia to disturb it: moreover, that her surest and most promising means is to keep before the Courts of England and France matter on which they may disagree—for soldiers and comrades do sometimes quarrel in camp, though never in the field. Lastly, although she may not (and, please Heaven, she shall not!) by any such means jeopardise our union, yet she may very well succeed in exciting between us harassing disquiet, and turn these to account in the councils of the German Powers. Of course, if the enemy is in earnest in the new peace negotiations, that alters the case entirely. But when we remember how Russia conducted and terminated the last conferences, and that she opened the present by a proposition grossly impossible and insulting, we cannot believe it: nor can we rejoice that this overture should have induced the Allies to enter on a parley which, we may doubt, will prove purposeless, but can only hope will not prove dangerous. Yet we ought not to expect caution or “discretion” everywhere, and, behold! now it abounds in our fleets and armies!

ARAB SENTRY OF THE TURKISH IRREGULAR ARMY.

WHEN Kurdistan and other Turkish provinces were in the habit of indulging in a, eriodical, revolt—which, of course, gave the Porte considerable trouble and annoyance—the Pachas, in order to repress such inconvenient insurrections, found it necessary and politic to receive into their pay numbers of adventurous natives, and employ them to encounter the rebels. The materials of such bodies of fighting-men, were particularly heterogeneous. Arabs of the desert, whose pride was their guarantee, and whose valour was beyond all dispute, were mingled with savages from Kurdistan, whose cowardice and knavery could not be questioned, with youthful adventurers of every species, from the towns of Syria, and men of all classes—from lazy peasants to broken-down horse-dealers—every one eager to have spoil without fighting for it. The Arabs, alone, are said to be worthy of trust and regard. Ere long, there appeared elcietains, who acquired such influence over the roving population of the East, that they had only to unfurl their banners to bring an army around them. The Turkish Government, resolving to avail itself of the services of such mercenaries, contracted to pay the chiefs a certain sum, on condition of the latter furnishing, equipping, and maintaining a mounted corps. These “irregulars” are quite unrivalled in the management of their horses and lances. The latter, which are formed of bamboo, about ten feet in length, the Arabs have a way of twisting rapidly round their heads with two fingers and then hurling in the air, with remarkable velocity, to an unexpected distance. The lance is often employed in feint retreats, with great effect, against the Cossacks, who, after being allowed to advance, are suddenly transfixed to the spot, with a back thrust of this dread weapon.

The horseman on the preceding page, represents one of the Arabs of whom we have been speaking—a sentry on the outposts of Omar Pacha's army; the guard, in such cases, being generally entrusted to the irregular cavalry.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR said to the Neapolitan ambassador at the New Year's reception, “I regret that our relations are not so good as they used to be.” General Bosquet left Pau on the 3rd inst., for Paris, having been summoned to the capital by electric telegraph. In all probability he is sent for to Paris to attend the Council of War which is to be held under the presidency of the Emperor. The precise day of meeting is not yet fixed, but it is believed it will be some time between the 11th and 15th of this month.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, son of the Prince of Canino, appears to have the greatest chance of success among the numerous candidates for the see of Rochelle, now vacant.

It is stated that the bedchamber in the Palace of the Elysée, occupied by Queen Hortense, in which Louis Napoleon was born, is being made ready to receive the Empress on the occasion of her confinement.

SPAIN.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL was much better on the 2d. His medical attendants promise to release him in the course of a few days from the room to which he has been so long confined; but they menace him with a relapse, if he devotes too much time and attention to business. The members of the Government are anxiously awaiting his recovery, for the reconstruction of the Cabinet.

The Government is waging war upon the democratic press, and the organs of republicanism are gradually expiring.

AUSTRIA.

It is stated that the Emperor Francis Joseph recently ordered that telegraphic despatches should be transmitted to him every day on the health of Prince Paskiewitch. These despatches have been regularly received, and after having been communicated to the Emperor, they are sent to Prince Gortschakoff, who does not receive any news direct from Warsaw.

The Emperor has granted a surplus salary to the Government officials of the lower ranks for the present winter months, in order to enable them to meet the heavy extra expenses entailed by the general dearth that prevails.

It is affirmed at Vienna in military circles that the Austrian Government was invited to send a general officer to the Council of War which is to take place in Paris, but that it refused. It is even said that the officer suggested for the purpose was Baron Hess.

It is confidently stated that Austria seriously intends to submit to the Germanic Diet the propositions for peace which she has forwarded to St. Petersburg.

PRUSSIA.

THE House of Representatives has chosen the Tory Count Galenberg, as its permanent President, in preference to Count Schwerin. The numbers of votes were 191 to 104.

Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has arrived at Berlin from St. Petersburg, and people expect some immediate indications of the decision to be expected from Russia on Count Esterhazy's proposals.

A writer in the semi-official Berlin “Zeit” has been instructed to reply to some recent observations by the English press on Prussian neutrality.

RUSSIA.

GREAT activity in the arsenals, and great want of gold and silver money, are the two facts most prominent in advices from St. Petersburg.

The members of the Grand Council of War assembled at St. Petersburg, are principally engaged on the questions relating to the fortification of the strategic points of the Empire. The fortifications of Kiev will be finished between this time and the end of the winter.

Prince Paskiewitch, it is now stated, has hopes of recovery. Although not entirely out of danger, the brave old General is enabled to attend in some measure to the duties of his post. It is stated that General Mouraviev is to take the command in the Crimea, and that a high command in the north of the Empire is assigned to Prince Gortschakoff.

The entire Russian forces are at present distributed under the following commanders:—Generalissimo of the whole active army, Prince Paskiewitch; commander in Finland, General von Berg; in St. Petersburg, Count Rudiger and General Arbusoff; in Esthland, General Grabbe; Baltic corps, General Sievers; Central army (Kieff), General Panutin; Western army (Poland), General Soumarokoff; Southern army, General Liders; Crimean army, Prince Gortschakoff; Danubian territory, General Chomutoff; Kubanschi territory, General Serebriakoff; Caucasus, General Bebutoff; Trans-Caucasus, General Mouraviev.

The Czar is reported to have admirably received the French officers who were taken in the neighbourhood of Kinburn. His Russian Majesty is also stated to have said to them, “I shall soon shake hands with you as your friend.”

The Cracow paper “Czas” mentions that the Russian government has ordered the abolition of the robot (vilein socage) in Poland, by commutation into a yearly money payment. The commutation is to take place all over the kingdom. The lists of the peasantry are being sent in, commissioners for superintending the business are appointed, and in three years the whole process is to be completed.

The “Journal de St. Petersburg” announces the death of the Privy Councillor Labensky, of the Russian Foreign office. To the pen of this gentleman, the most able of Count Nesselrode's notes have been ascribed.

DENMARK.

It is said that, when neither France, England, the Netherlands, nor Sweden had intimated any intention of sending delegates to the proposed conference on the Sound Dues, Russia acceded to the invitation sent round, because there is a possibility that Denmark may one day fall into her possession by regular descent, and she is, consequently, anxious to preserve the dues.

SWEDEN.

THE “Fædrelandet” reports, under date Stockholm, Dec. 24:—“Activity unexampled reigns in every manufactory for producing articles necessary to the equipment of an army. The colonels of all the regiments have received orders to supply their troops with everything necessary to prepare them for marching at the first signal. The order was given secretly, but it was in its nature impossible of concealment. All leaves of absence to officers are refused. Everybody here believes that in case the Allies should open the war with vigour in the Baltic next spring, our Government will feel itself compelled to take an active part therein.”

Norway has been called on by the Swedish War Department to organise her forces. The Swedish journals are almost unanimous in their praises of the treaty with the Western Powers. The semi-official paper appeals to it as a reply to the reproach that Sweden was under the control of Russia.

The Royal Swedish Academy of Rural Economy at Stockholm has just elected M. Michel Chevalier, of Paris, and Mr. James Hudson, secretary of the London Agricultural Society, as corresponding members.

SARDINIA.

ACCOUNTS from Genoa state that preparations making at the Royal Palace at Turin lead to the belief that the King of Sardinia, yielding to the representations of his councillors, has decided to contract a marriage, the political results of which will be of the highest importance, and that whether or not there may be any mistake in the interpretation of the preparations going on at the Palace, if his Majesty should act upon the desires of his Ministry, his marriage will be the result of his recent visit to London.

General La Marmora set out from Turin on Monday, for Paris, where he is to take part in the military conferences. The General will probably proceed to England after the Council of War has taken place in Paris.

TURKEY.

M. THOUVENEL, by recent accounts, had presented to the Sultan the Star in diamonds, together with the other insignia of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. On the occasion, the French Ambassador delivered a speech, in which he showed the evidence, afforded by so striking a manifestation, of the sentiments of the Emperor of the French in favour of the alliance which has placed Turkey under the protection of European law and of civilisation. The Sultan replied with much fervour.

The Prussian Government has conferred decorations on two Ottoman Ministers.

The Greek Government has signed with the Porte a treaty for the suppression of brigandage.

AMERICA.

ADVICES from New York to the 28th ult., state that Congress had again adjourned without electing a Speaker. Consequently there is no President's message.

The steam-ship *Northern Light* has been seized by the Government as she was about to leave New York, on a filibustering expedition to Nicaragua. A large number of the adventurers had been captured.

The Hudson's Bay Arctic expedition, in search of Franklin, had returned, after reaching the place where Franklin's crews were reported to have perished. Dr. Rae's report was fully confirmed. They met Esquimaux in that vicinity who had seen the whites, and gave much valuable information. On the island were discovered the remains of a boat, which had been partially destroyed by the natives for the sake of the wood and the metal fastenings, although there was sufficient left to identify it as belonging to the Franklin expedition, one fragment of wood (now, as well as some other small relics, in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Company at Lachine), having the name *Terror* branded on it, while another piece has the name of Mr. Stanley (surgeon of the *Erebus*) cut upon it, this latter being part of a snow shoe, evidently of English manufacture, being made of oak, a species of wood no man accustomed to use snow shoes would ever select for the purpose. No papers or books, and no human remains, were found.

The War.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

CONDITION OF THE TROOPS BEFORE LEAVING KARS.

In addition to the particulars contained in our last Number respecting the surrender of Kars, we give the following additional details, which will be read with a painful interest:—

“Their condition” (says a correspondent of a daily contemporary, writing from Erzeroum), “even before leaving Kars, was as wretched as could be; so much so (I quote word for word from an eye-witness) that it was positively painful to stir out of doors. They were lying about in all directions, groaning piteously—watching the Russian provision-wagons, which, as if to add to their misery, passed almost all day within their ken. Townspeople and soldiers alike suffered all the horrors of famine. The former crowded round the General as he rode out of his quarters, and prayed him, with all the eloquence of despair, to seek some means of putting an end to their misery. Women forced their way into his very rooms, and throwing their starving children at his feet, implored him rather to kill them at once than let them perish thus piecemeal for want of sustenance.

“The hospitals were crowded with sick; on the Thursday before the surrender 80 men died in one day. Many went mad or became idiots from sheer hunger and hard work. Those who preserved a remnant of health, half-starved as they were, and scarcely clothed, were obliged to mount sentry almost every night up to the ankles in snow. Since the battle of the 29th there had been no animal food to issue to the troops. Horses had indeed been killed in the General's stables secretly by night, but the meat was sent to the hospitals for the sick. A pittance of bread or flour made into weak broth was all that the working soldiers had to subsist upon. Discipline was almost at an end. The soldiers had at one time all but worshipped General Williams. After the action, in particular, they gathered round their gallant leader, only too happy, after the Eastern fashion, to touch the hem of his garment in token of their submission and respect. Now these same men refused to salute him, turned their eyes away when they saw him approach. Still, to the last, he hardened his heart in hope. Omar Pacha had written to him, on his arrival at Batoum, to hold out only another month, and he would be with him. The Mushir here, too, Selim Pacha, who had been sent from Constantinople to take the command, forwarded him a similar despatch, informing him that he was at the head of a large and well-disciplined force, all admirably equipped and eager for the fight, and that he would lose no time in marching to his relief. Thus deceived, the General determined to hold out as long as a mouthful of food remained; and, in fact, the last biscuit was issued out of store on the very day of the capitulation. At last, on finding out the truth, that the Mushir here at least had no intention of coming to his aid, he called a general council and proposed a sally. But the troops by this time were too exhausted even to march, far less to fight their way for days together over the mountains. We had no cavalry, no artillery horses; fighting our way, in short, at such odds, was out of the question, and a surrender was determined on as the only remaining resource. The terms obtained were much more favourable than the vanquished had any right to expect; and, allowing all credit to the generous forbearance of Mouraviev, no small praise must at the same time be accorded to General Williams for having managed matters so well under such difficult circumstances. The two things that he felt most anxious to settle well were the protection of the inhabitants and the safety of his brave companions in arms, who might otherwise have paid a heavy penalty for their double devotedness to the cause of European freedom. His fixed determination on these points of honour was of an order which needs no praise of mine. He threatened, in fact, that, unless his wishes in regard to them were acceded to, he would destroy the guns, blow up the works, and then leave the Russians to do their worst. Fortunately he had to deal with a reasonable enemy, and the high-minded sacrifice was averted, no less by firmness on our side than forbearance on the other.”

POSITION OF OMAR PACHA.

It is probably no longer doubted, says a Vienna paper, that our correspondent at Trebizond was well informed when he wrote that Omar Pacha had not for weeks lost sight of the Pontic coast, and that he had not advanced further than the small town of Chopi, on the right bank of the small river bearing the same name. Skender Pacha, it is true, advanced along the excellent road that runs to Ashaba, but did not venture further than Tchenitzelale. He only did this for the purpose of ascertaining whether or no the Russians, under the command of General Bagration Muharski, and reinforced by the troops of General Brunner, had taken up a position in Levano and Kutryi, on the left bank of that river. Having done this, Omar Pacha decided on retreating to Redoubt Kaleh and Anaklea. It having at the same time become known that the Russian commander intended sending to Mingrelia all the troops collected in the fluvial districts of the mountains near Gori, so that they may act on the offensive, the Turkish Admiral, Ahmet Pacha, received orders to place all the disposable Turkish and Egyptian steamers at Omar Pacha's service. It is possible that a re-embarkation of the troops is to be made.

PROBABLE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE TURKISH ARMY.

Mustapha Pacha has, in a similar way, retreated to Batoum, in order to pass the winter in that unhealthy coast station. As we cannot suppose that Omar Pacha means to persist in wintering where he is at present, seeing that he is exposed to the danger of being attacked by the Russians, and unable to make any great resistance, Anaklea and Redoubt Kaleh being only small forts, it is highly probable that the entire Turkish army will be brought to the Rounchian harbours, and stationed there in winter quarters. The Russians, too, will do no more than garrison Kars, and will not advance on the offensive in the wide radius between the Western and the Eastern Euphrates. General Mouraviev has detached one division to Achalkalak and Aekhalzik, whilst another division has escorted the captured garrison of Kars to Tiflis. The pachas, and a few superior officers, will be transferred to Moscow; the remaining officers, with the men, will probably have to pass the winter in the Government of Tiflis.

REPORTED RESIGNATION OF OMAR PACHA.

Late advices from Constantinople state that Omar Pacha had been requested to resign his post as Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army in Asia, for not having exerted himself to the uttermost to relieve Kars. This report is believed by some, but disbelieved by the many.

THE DEFENCE OF ERZEROU.

The emotion caused at Constantinople by the fall of Kars has roused the Turks from their habitual apathy. Two extraordinary councils of war, at which Generals Larehey and Mansfield were present, the one commanding at Constantinople the French, and the other the English troops, were successively held at the palace of the Seraskier, for devising the means of protecting Erzeroum, and enabling that place to resist any forcible attack, and to hold out to the spring in case of being blockaded. Owing to the presence of the Allied generals, a little order could be maintained throughout the discussion. It was decided by the council to concentrate all the disposable regular and irregular troops at Erzeroum and in its vicinity.

THE CZAR'S LETTER ON THE FALL OF KARS.

THE following is a translation of the Czar's letter to General Mouraviev:—

“The resolute persistence, the exemplary courage, and the warlike circumspection which have marked your entire conduct in Asiatic Turkey, have now been crowned with full success.

“The dominating fortress of Asia Minor, the fortress of Kars, has surrendered, with its entire garrison, artillery, and great depots of arms and ammunition. The Anatolian army of 30,000 men exists no more; its commander-in-chief is our prisoner.

“I thank you heartily for this so glorious feat, which has invested the arms of Russia with new renown.

“I also commission you to express my heartfelt thanks to the army under your command for the steadfastness and courage which have overcome the stiff-necked resistance of the enemy. In testimony of your high merit, I nominate you Knight of the Order of St. George of the Second Class—a rank to which you have proved yourself incontrovertibly entitled; and remain, with imperial grace, your well-wisher, “ALEXANDER.”

GENERAL CALL TO ARMS BY THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER.

The “Invalide Russe” publishes a proclamation by General Mouraviev

elling the entire population of Imeretia, Gurjel, and Mingrelia to wage a war of extermination against the enemies of the cross. It is this measure which is supposed to have induced Omar Pacha's retreat.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT KARS.

Erzeroum, Dec. 12.—The Russian army took up its position at Kars last Monday, the 3rd of December. The troops have been quartered in the town, and a small division of about 2,000 men, consisting of Cossacks and Irregular Kurds, has been left at Sohanly Daghi, where it occupies the fortifications erected in the month of June last by General Mouraviev. Yeni Koni, a village some fifty-four miles from Erzeroum, on the road to Kars, is likewise occupied by the Russians, who have collected there large stores of wheat, flour, and barley.

The Russian general has left at Alexandropol only a weak garrison, hardly strong enough to do the duties of the citadel.

The Turkish forces, under the orders of Selim Pacha, are still encamped in the mountains of Deyeh Boyoun. There is no fear of the enemy's attempting now a coup de main against Erzeroum: the exhaustion of his troops and the state of the roads forbid it.

OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

Dec. 22.—Sir Colin Campbell is coming out again; we are glad of it, and look on him as a pillar of strength. He first went to Lord Hardinge, it is said, and told him he had come to give up his command—afterwards to Lord Panmure, the same. Lord Panmure argued, but it was of no use; the resignation was given in, and Sir Colin Campbell left, thinking himself a free man. Then came a command to go to the Palace. There all was attention, a suite of rooms given up, and at dinner he was directed to hand in the Princess Royal. Afterwards a Highland piper played behind his chair, "The Campbells are coming." The next morning the Queen saw Sir Colin in Prince Albert's study; and who could resist the gracious desire which followed? At any rate, Sir Colin will have gained Court favour, which he never had before. [In No. 28 of our paper will be found a memoir and portrait of this brave and gallant warrior.]

STRENGTH OF OUR FORCES IN THE CRIMEA.

The total strength of the British land forces in the vicinity of Sebastopol, at the present moment, is as nearly as possible 53,000 men of all ranks and arms of the service. At Kertch there is a battalion numbering about 700, and on the Bosphorus thirteen regiments of cavalry, whose aggregate strength is rather over 4,000; making a total, exclusive of 2,400 in hospital at Scutari and Renkioi, of, in round numbers, 58,000 purely English forces. Between this time and the first week in March, nearly the whole of the troops now composing the reserve at Malta will probably be forwarded to the Crimea, their place being supplied by reinforcements from home, of which something like 4,000 will embark in the course of the next week or two. About ten infantry regiments from home, Malta, and Gibraltar, will, in all likelihood, be sent up to the Black Sea about the same time, thus adding more than 15,000 men to the English army now in the field, and bringing its numbers up to about 73,000 in all. The Turkish Contingent, the head-quarters of which is now at Kertch, may be considered as amounting to 20,000. Portions of the British-Swiss and British-German Legions are already at Scutari, one or two more regiments are on their way, and the total number of these corps in two months may be safely anticipated as 7,000 men. The British-Italian Legion appears likely to be the most successful, but it is not probable that sufficient progress will have been made in its organisation to allow of its taking the field early in the campaign. Summing up the figures just stated, the whole of the British forces will probably be found to amount to 100,000 men, of whom 85,000 will be effective combatants. Some important arrangements as to the re-distribution of the forces will be made on the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, who now holds the local rank of General. All officers on leave must be present with their regiments on the 1st of March, and within a very few days of that date the public may expect to see an army ready to take the field wherever it may be ordered, which, in point of numbers, arrangement, and condition, we shall be justified in regarding with confidence and pride.

DESTRUCTION OF THE RUSSIAN DOCKS.

Dec. 24.—One of the celebrated dry docks in the Karabelnaia suburb of Sebastopol was demolished by the French engineers on Saturday last, the 22nd instant, at 2 p.m., by the explosion of mines. The destruction of the dock was fully accomplished, the blast having almost instantaneously reduced the massive fabric into a ruined and confused heap of stones.

The intention of destroying a portion of the docks was not known in camp until an early hour of the morning of the same day. The six companies of the 18th Royal Irish regiment, which for the last month or five weeks have been quartered in the Karabelnaia, assisting in the necessary preparations for the destruction of the three docks in rear, and the part of the basin in charge of the English engineers, were moved up at 5 a.m., before daylight. Their departure was thus unobserved by the enemy on the north side of the roadstead. It was considered prudent to march these men up to camp, in case the Russians might think proper, after the explosion, to direct a heavy fire on the suburb, and to avoid all risk of casualties, should any of the buildings fall from the concussion. This movement was a sufficient intimation that the explosion of part of the docks was at hand, but, in addition, all servants, and men on fatigue, going into the town for wood, were early in the morning stopped at the Redan, and, subsequently, a cordon of sentries was drawn around, to prevent officers or any person from approaching within the neighbourhood of the docks, where there was the slightest chance of danger from the explosion. As it turned out, however, these precautions proved unnecessary, for the mines were so laid that the effects of their explosion were confined to a very limited sphere of action.

THE WORK DONE BY THE FRENCH, AND THEIR WAY OF DOING IT.

The dock selected by the French engineers for demolition on this occasion was the one placed to the west of the lock through which vessels formerly entered into the great basin. In addition to this dock, the French have to destroy another dry dock on the east side of the entrance lock, the lock itself, which, with its sides and foundation of cut masonry and magnificent floodgates, has the appearance of another dock, and half the basin. It is understood that the engineering operations are completed for the demolition of the whole of these structures, and that the object in demolishing one portion only was to test the accuracy of certain calculations with regard to the quantity of gunpowder necessary for effecting the desired result. The quantity actually employed is said to have been a little over 2,000 pounds English, or 1,000 French kilograms.

The French engineers have followed a somewhat different plan from the English engineers for the destruction of the docks. They have trusted principally to galleries carried across and beneath the bottom of the dock. They have also, however, parallel with each side, a horizontal gallery, to blow out the foundation and lower part of each side wall. In the docks to be destroyed by the English, perpendicular shafts have been sunk at frequent intervals along the sides, for the purpose of blowing the whole of the sides inwards. Latterly, also, galleries have been constructed beneath the foundations of the bottom of each dock, so that their demolition must be very effectual. Arrangements have been made for firing the English mines by a voltaic battery. The French mines on Saturday were fired by means of trains of laid gunpowder and fuses.

THE EXPLOSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Simultaneous with the noise of the blasting, the air over the situation of the dock became thickened with smoke, stones, and rubbish. A large quantity, among which were masses of considerable size, rose perpendicularly upwards, while at the same time a shower of masonry was hurled from each side upwards and curving towards the centre. The greater portion of these blocks and fragments of stone appeared to fall downwards into the vacant space of the dock; scarcely any were observed to fly far beyond its limits. A dense cloud of smoke filled and rested over the place of ruin, and this continued hanging over it for a considerable time, for there was no breeze to wait it away. No sooner had the explosion occurred, the crash of the falling masonry had scarcely died away from the ears, when the sharp reports of several shells about the docks and neighbouring buildings, told that the enemy had been no unobservant spectators of the scene. They hoped to hit some of the troops,

whom they suspected to be in the neighbourhood of the explosion, the nature of which they no doubt understood, but, as usual, fired without effecting any injury or causing a casualty.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ENTIRE DEMOLITION OF THE DOCKS.

Report says that all the preparations will be completed for the demolition of the three docks to be destroyed by the English in a week from the present date (December 24). The arrangements would have been finished already had it not been for the large quantity of water which has found its way into the shafts and galleries excavated for the reception of the blasting powder. It appears that the reason for the water having entered so copiously into these excavations, while those connected with the French mines have remained dry, is their relative position with regard to the termination of the Karabelnaia ravine, between the Malakhoff and Redan hills, and at a short distance from the Dockyard wall. The three docks in charge of the English are separated from the end of this ravine, where an enormous amount of water had collected, and formed an immense pond or reservoir, only by an artificial causeway, constructed at an enormous expense of labour by the Russians during the formation of the docks, and through this earth the water gradually percolated.

THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY IN 1856.

The public are not without apprehensions that, having suffered in 1854 from being too lean, it may suffer in 1856 from being too fat. Then it was starved, now it runs some danger of being coddled. The laudable desire to efface in the comforts of the present the miseries of the past, seems not unlikely to deprive our troops altogether of the power of locomotion. An army that cannot move without 40,000 beasts of burden, 40,000 drivers, mechanics, navvies, and we know not how many other ancillary corps, is in great danger of never moving at all. Our men are in splendid condition, and want nothing but example and opportunity; but it is hard to obtain these under generals to whom everything is impossible. If we do move, we shall carry with us a camp better worth sacking than all the cities of Russia put together, and may possibly find, when too late, that we have offered irresistible temptations to the depredators in the vast multitude of all nations that swarm around us. A military system that was not robust enough to bear the trials of a siege, is not likely to regain credit in a campaign in the open field. But the attempt must be made, and the nation will never endure that the spring and summer of 1856 should be wasted in the same inglorious inaction as the autumn that has just passed away.

REPORTED LOSS OF SIXTY VESSELS IN THE BLACK SEA.

Accounts were on Saturday last posted at Lloyd's, from Constantinople, of another fearful hurricane having visited the Black Sea, on the 19th of last month; and it is reported that fifty or sixty ships foundered during the height of the storm, off the mouth of the Sulina. Lloyd's agent at Galatz, states that in twenty-three instances the vessels went down with all hands, as also fifty-two lighters, which were off the coast at the time. Not a soul belonging to them is supposed to have escaped. Most of the vessels were laden with corn. Three ships (one from England, called the *Caledonia*) were driven on shore near the harbour of Sebastopol, and were wrecked; the crew of the *Caledonia* perishing in the vessel. The *Talavera*, English transport ship No. 98, (belonging to Mr. Duncan Dunbar, at Limehouse) is, among other vessels, reported to be lost on the east coast of Marmora, and that her Majesty's ship *Oberon* had been despatched from Constantinople to the spot to render assistance.

MOVEMENTS IN BESSARABIA.

Odessa, Dec. 21.—For some days past our roads have been frozen over to a distance of two versts from the coast. In the steppe the thermometer yesterday showed 25 degrees below zero of Reaumur's scale (24-25 Fahr.). On the same day, the 14th and 16th infantry divisions were on their march from Sebastopol. No lives were lost, but some of the men's noses, ears, and cheeks were frozen. The march of troops towards Bessarabia continually increases; but there can be no question of an evacuation of the Crimea, as militia, guards, and reserves take the place of the battalions which leave that peninsula. It is rumoured that Prince Gortschakoff will leave the Crimea, and take the command of the army on the Danube. Adjutant-General Osten-Sacken is mentioned as the successor of Prince Gortschakoff. The few gun-boats left off Kinburn are frozen in, and the attempts to free them from the ice by artillery have completely failed.

THE RUSSIAN FLIGHT FROM SEBASTOPOL.

BY A RUSSIAN SISTER OF MERCY.

THE following was written by a directress of the Russian Sisters of Mercy, on the north side of Sebastopol, two days after its evacuation, viz., on September 10:—

"My last letter breathed no presentiment of the deep and universal grief that has come over us. You know now that we have abandoned Sebastopol to the enemy; but how? The whole town was changed into a sea of flame; all the batteries and bastions are blown up. It was a horror of desolation—a chaos—more dreadful than hell. That is all I can tell you about it. As yet I can give no account of all we have gone through, nor can I comprehend how we have borne such terrors, how survived such agony. I am hardly able to write to you, my thoughts are so confused; but, by God's grace, my strength of will is preserved. On my way to the city (Sept. 8) I saw a strong body of mounted men riding at full gallop towards Sebastopol; it was the Commander-in-Chief with his suite. I made the coachman drive as fast as possible after them, going first of all to the barracks on the north side. Here I heard that a sister had been wounded, not mortally but severely, at the Malakhoff battery. The entire left wing and the Malakhoff tower were in a blaze with the firing of artillery. I found the space about the Malakhoff battery covered with troops, who wanted to cross the bridge, and the enemy directed his fire most especially against that spot. Just as we were going to step upon the bridge in order to follow the troops, General Buchmeier held us back, and advised us to turn, for it was too dangerous, he said. I begged him to let me go, made the sign of the cross, and ran across the bridge. The troops hastened at a running pace over to the south side. The wind was so strong that the waves washed over the bridge, but, independent of that, the weight of the troops pressed it down under the water. The shots from the enemy's batteries were very frequent in this direction; but God was gracious to us. Balls fell close beside us, or went over our heads, and often so near, that we all stopped low—they missed. I had strength enough to run as far as the Nicholasief battery, but I had no sooner reached the Sisters' Room, when I felt giddy, and had to take some drops as a restorative. I was wet through up to my waist, for my dress and my feet had been all the time in the water. I went to see Count Osten-Sacken. I had to pass along a gallery, on which many spectators were standing; as soon as a bomb or a ball came near, we hid ourselves under the archway. In the inner court of the battery I found several gentlemen of the Commandant's suite, and inquired of them where I should find the Count. They told me he was up in the battery, with the Commander-in-Chief. I went up a narrow wooden flight of steps, but could only crawl up very painfully, and when I was up, my senses were all but leaving me. I could just ask the Count what his commands were for the sisters in the Nicholasief battery. He answered: 'Take them all away. God knows what may happen in a few hours.' Somebody said the enemy's flag was waving already on the Malakhoff. A horrid depression seized my soul. I wept without tears, and I don't know how I got down again. I ran to the sisters, begged them to let everything alone and follow me to the Malakhoff battery. We set off, hoping that we might be able to return to the hospital as soon as it became more tranquil. The rumour spread that our troops had cut down the enemy's flag—what a great, what a universal joy that was!

"Next morning, Sept. 9, my feet were so sore and bad that tears came unbidden into my eyes. Gradually, however, I made shift to use them. I gave Mr. Philippoff orders to get together the bread, catables of all sorts stowed into my carriage, and off I set. During the night Mother Seraphine had sent the two wounded sisters on to me at Belbek, and begged for horses, as she was in danger; I ordered two vehicles out immediately, and sent them to the Malakhoff battery, meaning to go there myself as well. What a sight met my eyes! One huge cloud, black, but yet glowing, shrouded Sebastopol; our troops had set the town on fire—they themselves were on the march to the Tchernaya. Everywhere wounded were walking or being transported, the regiments were returning from the city. The Lord now sent me tears—it is seldom I cry—and this relieved my heart. When I came to the barracks I handed to the sisters, who came to meet me, what they wanted, and I hastened on to sister B.; to her sick officers I brought clean linen, soap-tablets, tea, sugar, bread, all that was left in short—some Klukwa juice, bandages, and brandy. Sister B. deserves all praise. When I told her she was in danger and must leave, since in case they blew up the Nicholasief battery, the battery No. 4 would be quite buried by the stones, she begged me, as a petitioner, that I would leave her with her wounded, most of whom are grievously so, if it was impossible to remove them. She was resigned to whatever might happen, even to being blown up, for she would share the fate of those she was nursing. She begged me on leaving to bless them with the sign of the Holy Cross, for life or death. This I did, and did not venture to oppose her sacred resolution, but it cost me a great effort. I begged her to bless me also, and deeply honoured in my heart her love for the Lord and her neighbour. Without losing time, I placed all my stock upon the

ground, and drove off to the Malakhoff battery. On the place there was a chaotic mass; the bridge was broken away, the ships of the line and the frigates were sunk, the city was in flames, black smoke mounted to the clouds, and explosions of powder made the earth tremble on every side. How hard it is to bear these trials, and how heart-rending to be a witness of all this misery!"

WHAT IS THOUGHT IN RUSSIA.

THE following extract of a letter from St. Petersburg, on the result of Marshal Cambré's mission to Stockholm, and Count Esterházy's anticipated visit to St. Petersburg, will be found to be interesting. Its spirit is unmistakably Russian, but it is evident that the writer is well informed:—

"For some time we were apprehensively anxious as to the result of the Cambré mission to Stockholm; but since the text of the treaty that has been concluded has been published, we can easily understand how they have caused only smiles and shrugs in Swedish circles. If that is the only bait that Napoleon has held out to King Oscar, that he gives him permission some of these days to bring forward the claims that he would fain make upon certain tracts of territory at present in the possession of Russia, and which might perhaps be conquered, we cannot be astonished at the latter's hedging himself in with all manner of clauses and provisions; and very possibly the treaty, which in all probability will never come into force, was concluded only for the purpose of getting rid of the diplomatic importunities of the Western Powers, and procuring quiet for the winter. How very little seriously Sweden (and of Norway there has not yet been any mention made) is thinking of a grave conflict with Russia, is evidenced in her conduct and attitude; stronger influences than English armaments and French missions are necessary if Sweden is to be inspired with a new idea. Letters from well-informed persons in Paris state that the result of the Cambré mission has anything but satisfied the Emperor, and that the approaching elevation of the general to the rank of Marshal of France is actuated solely by the desire not to add another 'blame' to those he has already met with in the Crimea and Scandinavia. This hee-hoo you see is, after all, nothing."

The second mission of Count Esterházy to St. Petersburg, is still less, if possible. We have been informed, by way of Warsaw, of the object of his mission, which seems not to have been made any particular secret of, and still more so of the circumstances that led to it. The Emperor Francis Joseph, impelled by his own interest ardently to desire the discovery of some basis for a peace, had at first the intention of sending the most confidential member of his entourage, Count Grunne, with an autograph letter and extensive powers to the Emperor Alexander. On the representation, however, of what an equivocal position he would be brought into by an unfavourable answer, he kept the Count (Grunne) back in reserve, and sent out the younger diplomatist as a sort of skirmisher in advance. What the Hungarian Count (Esterházy) is bringing with him are proposals which Russia can in part accept, and will perhaps accept, but they in no way bear the character of an ultimatum, though they do bear that of an urgent appeal. In this respect you may attach pretty much the same value to the journey of M. von Sebach, who is one of the most valuable articles of furniture of the Russian Corps Diplomatique. You see things are not so gloomy here!"

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF AND BARON HESS.—A Vienna correspondent of a daily contemporary says:—"A few words must be said respecting a dinner which Prince Gortschakoff a few days since gave to Baron Hess and other Austrian officers of the highest rank. Towards the end of the meal, Prince Gortschakoff proposed the health of Baron Hess, and at the same time expressed his heartfelt satisfaction that there was such an excellent understanding between the Russian and Austrian armies. In a word, the Russian Minister took an ungenerous advantage of his position as host, and insinuated that the political opinions of His Majesty's principal Generals did not coincide with those entertained by his Majesty's Ministers. Baron Hess, who is a good diplomatist as well as a skilful officer, replied that he was greatly flattered by the compliments paid him by the Prince, but took no notice whatever of the political part of his speech."

AFRICAN CHASSEURS CHARGING THE COSSACKS IN THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR.

On the 8th ultimo, an exciting encounter took place between the African Chasseurs and the Cossacks, in that beautiful and picturesque valley, of which the reader will find a description in our 16th Number.

It appears that the French outposts form a semicircle in advance of General D'Aumemar's division on the Upper Tchernaya, passing by Esqui-Arman, Ourkust, Baga, and Savatka. A body of Russians, stationed at Jenisala, at Fok-Sala, and Argu, were suddenly put in movement. A Cossack regiment took the lead, followed by 500 men taken from the ranks, armed with rifles, and three battalions of the Smolensk regiment, which formed the main body of the column, consisting of about 2,500 infantry, and 400 to 500 horsemen.

The grand garde stationed at the Baga consisted of a section of the seventh battalion of Chasseurs-à-pied, of three companies of the second battalion of the 26th Regiment of the Line, and of a detachment of the 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique. The firm attitude of these troops imposed upon the enemy, and, despite their superiority in number, prevented them gaining ground.

While the enemy was thus trying to penetrate by Baga they were also advancing on Ourkust, but a movement, executed with great skill by the Chasseurs, first alarmed, and then caused the enemy to hesitate; they first slackened their advances, and then came to a halt. On perceiving this indecision, the charge was sounded along the whole line, and from Baga as well as from Ourkust, the Chasseurs threw themselves against the enemy, who were compelled to beat a retreat, and were pursued through the woods nearly as far as the ridges which encompass the valley.

Full details of this spirited affair will be found in Marshal Pelissier's despatch, published in our last No.

DIGGING OUT HOUSES IN THE CRIMEA BY MOONLIGHT.

Up to the 21st of November, our troops in the Crimea had most beautiful autumn weather, without one drop of rain. First, a mild summer rain fell, a wintry cold set in, and the thermometer soon fell below freezing point, as low as 24 deg. Next morning all the hills were covered with a white coating of snow, and it was thought the winter had at last come. During the previous night it froze sharply, and some snow fell. The frost was accompanied by a biting north wind, which lasted throughout the day. Snow was also for the first time visible on the higher peaks and ridges of the mountains to the eastward, where the numerous streams are found which afterwards unite to form the rivers Belbek, Katcha, and Alma. However, when another morning dawned, it was again beautifully clear, actually hot in the sun; and winter seemed as far away as ever.

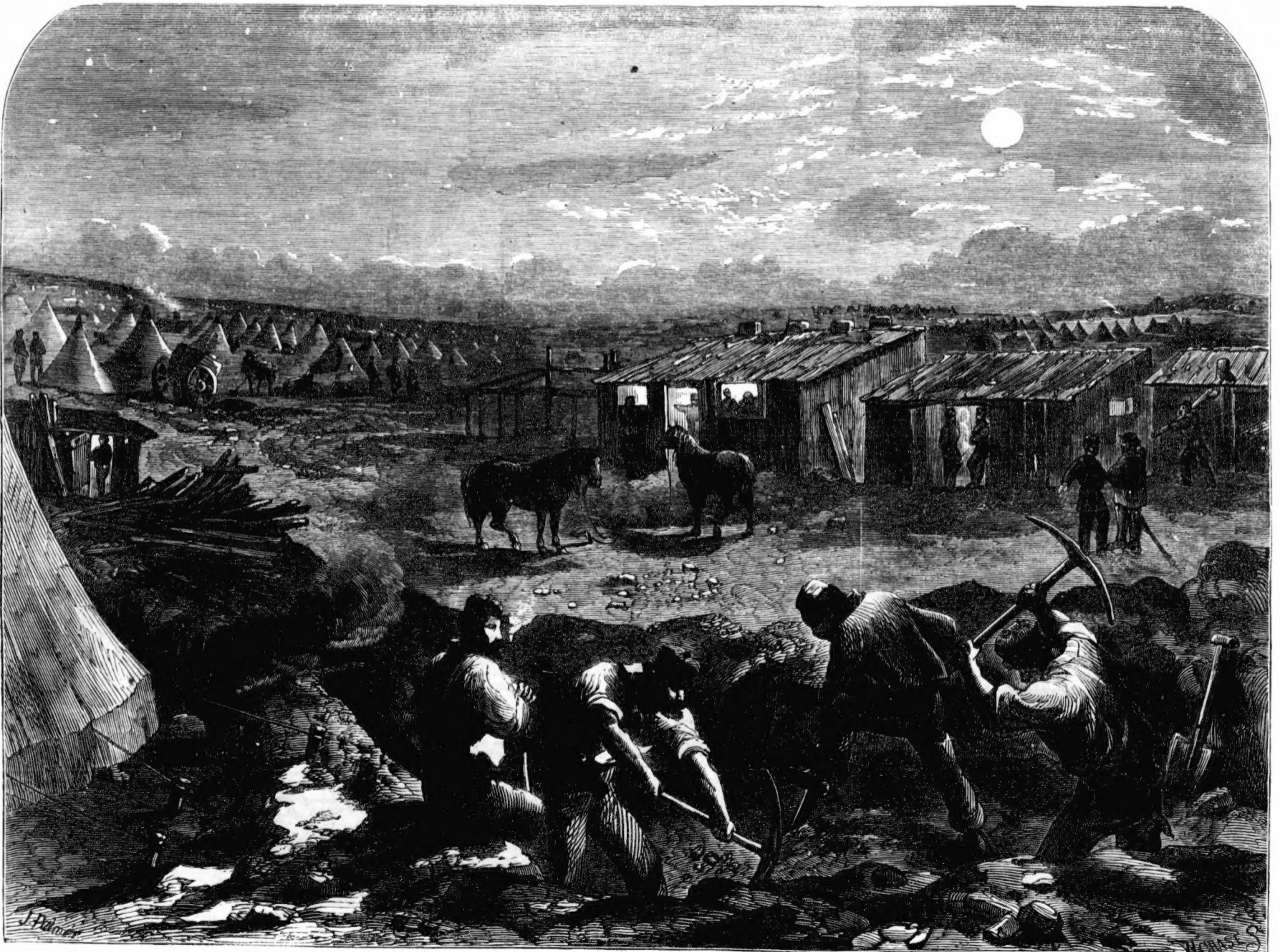
"So much the better," exclaimed everybody; for, notwithstanding the time and leisure they had had, the winter preparations are far from finished. Every additional fine day seemed to suggest some improvement, such as a little bye-road, or widening the ditches; in fact, whenever the English found that they were to winter in camp, they set to work to prepare themselves against such weather as was experienced last year, and render matters as comfortable as possible. Strong wooden huts began to spring up on all sides, with, here and there, solid stone buildings, which gave promise of many a chimney smoking at Christmas on the heights before Sebastopol.

Mechanical ingenuity, as we read, was largely developed in the use of resources. One officer converted the funnel of a small steamer into a chimney—another used one of the pipes of an engine as a hot-air apparatus to heat his hut—a third arranged a portion of machinery so that he could communicate from his saloon, sleeping-room, and dining-room with his cook in the adjacent kitchen, and dinner was handed through direct from the fire to the table, after the fashion of those mysterious apparatus which obey the behests of London waiters in the matter of roast meats, boiled beefs, and their satellites. Many officers distinguished themselves by the trouble they took in showing the men how to make themselves comfortable, and the huts rapidly increased in number over the camp. The roofs of the underground huts were patched up, and new excavations formed. The process of digging houses in the earth—and by moonlight too—is illustrated by an engraving on the succeeding page; and the latter is thus familiarly described in a letter from the scene of the operation:—

"We dug out a square about 4½ feet deep, built a wall round that about 3 feet high, then roof it. The scene is at Tattuo, and the moon is shining brightly. That overgrown sheep is my small pony; the other pony is Dodd's. The house behind them is the cook-house for the men; on the right of it is Captain Carden's stable; on the right of that, Lieutenant Samnder's stable. The piece of tent on the left is mine; the chimney smoking by the side of it belongs to my fire-place down stairs, and has the peculiar advantage of smoking as much inside as it does outside the tent. The small house in rear, with a light burning, is my cook-house, well sunk in the ground. Those boards in front are what the pony brought up from Sebastopol to roof the house with."



AFRICAN CHASSEURS CHARGING THE COSSACKS IN THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR.—(DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORE.)



DIGGING OUT HOUSES BY MOONLIGHT IN THE CRIMEA.—(A SKETCH BY LIEUT. HARVEY, 77TH REGIMENT.)

VELY PACHA.

Our readers will doubtless remember that Vely Pacha was recently the representative of the Sublime Porte at the Imperial Court of the Tuileries, and that he was accredited to the Court of Belgium as well as that of France. On being appointed Governor of Crete, last spring, he left Paris about the middle of April, to present his letters of recall to the King of the Belgians. His Majesty—who, having had some experience in his time, and profited by it, is, no doubt, quite alive to the fact that civility costs nothing—received the distinguished Turk in the kindest manner, conferred on him the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold, and even went so far as to promise an early visit to the Island of Crete.

Vely Pacha, thereupon, returned to Paris, proceeded to Marseilles, and embarked in the *Garcel* for Turkey. It happened that our artist, then on his way to the Crimea, was a passenger by the same vessel, and thus notified the fact in a letter which appeared in our second number, under the head of "Notes by the Way."

"There were several English officers on board, very pleasant company, besides the officers of the regiment of the *Garde Impériale*, and the Turkish Ambassador from Paris and his suite, some of whom spoke English, so that altogether there was no lack of agreeable society. After leaving Gallipoli, we steamed right on into the Bosphorus, and one fine morning on waking up I found that we were at anchor in the harbour of Constantinople. A grand salute was fired from several of the ships at anchor there in honour of the ambassador, with whom we then took leave. He is a very agreeable man, has resigned his ambassadorial office, and is now on his way to assume the Governorship of Candia. This being the case, I thought that a portrait of him for the 'Illustrated Times' might be interesting; and while on board he gave me a special audience in his state cabin for the purpose of my making a sketch. I succeeded very much to his satisfaction, and in the evening he invited me to a champagne supper—this, by the way, was after he had won some thousand francs or so at *lansquenel*, of several of the officers on board. He was especially fortunate, as this game is entirely one of chance."

The arrival of Vely Pacha in the island where he is to exercise vice-regal functions, appears a fitting occasion for presenting the portrait obtained under circumstances so peculiar. The Pacha is said to be immensely popular wherever he goes; and his reception in Crete has been flattering in the extreme. A *fête* was offered to him by the principal inhabitants of Candia, the capital of the island, where he remained three weeks. Their example has been followed at Canea, the whole population—Greeks, Turks, and Israelites—joining in a subscription opened on the occasion. Vely Pacha has made changes in the *personnel* of the Municipal Council of Candia, which have been generally approved. He likewise ordered several excellent administrative measures, and recommended that names should be given to the streets of Candia and Canea, and that the houses be numbered. The necessity of re-organising the police also engaged

VELY PACHA, THE GOVERNOR OF CANDIA.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

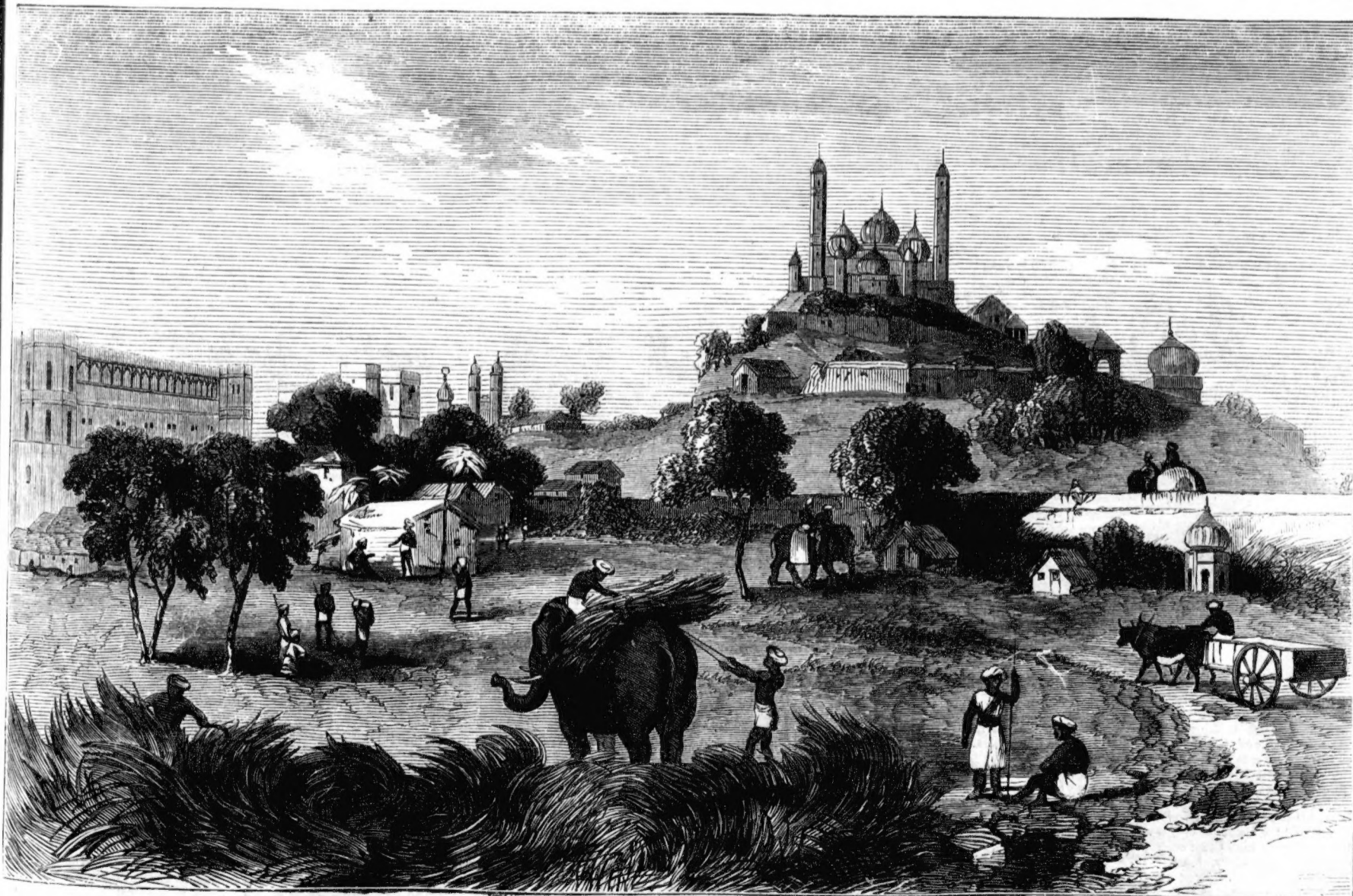


his attention, and he appears determined to remodel it on the French system. He laid the foundation of an hospital at Candia, and bestowed fifty beds on the establishment. He intends to form another at Canea, and to found a school, to which are to be admitted all the children of the town, without any distinction of race or creed. The realisation of this last object would be most beneficial to the population of the island, every class of which, the wealthy as well as the poor, being plunged in most complete ignorance. A steam communication will shortly be established between Candia and Syra. The Governor-General has received a despatch from Constantinople, informing him that a steamer had, for that purpose, been purchased in England.

THE RELIGIOUS WAR IN OUDE.

THE RECENT BATTLE NEAR LUCKNOW.

ACCORDING to the latest accounts from Calcutta, the collision so long expected in Oude has at last occurred. As far back as the beginning of November last, Ameer Alee, the fanatic Moulavie, lay encamped, with about 3,000 followers, at Daryabad. This place lies between Lucknow—represented in our engraving—and the great temple of Hunooman, about 35 miles from each. The royal troops, some 12,000 in number, were encamped further down the road, between the Moulavie and the temple. In this attitude they remained for some ten days, the Moulavie unwilling to stir without reinforcements, and the King's officers fettered by the absence of definite instructions from Lucknow. Meanwhile every kind of intrigue was put in motion. The Lieutenant of the district, a bitter partisan of the Moulavie, endeavoured to secure him a rescript from Lucknow, authorising him to build a mosque upon the site of the Hindoo temple. For himself, he plundered the King's treasury to supply the fanatics with food. The Durbar, on the other hand, though sympathising with the Mussulmans, dreaded the Hindoos, who are known to be in Oude the more powerful of the two. It dreaded still more any occurrence which would offer an excuse for British interference, and between its conflicting apprehensions lost all sense of self-respect. Orders were issued one day to be recalled the next. The Moulavie was threatened with death. He was implored to visit Lucknow. He was to be slain wherever he could be found. He was to be caressed as the vindicator of an outraged faith. At length the vacillation gave way. The danger of British interference overcame even fanaticism, and Captain Barlow conveyed to the camp the order for the slaughter of the Moulavie. It was more easily issued than obeyed. The Mussulmans in the King's service were known to be disaffected, and it was believed would at the first shot go over to the enemy. The artillerymen were still more deeply implicated, and it was probable that the order to advance would be answered by a universal mutiny. Fortunately, Captain Barlow understood his position and his men. Slowly and quietly the Hindoos of his regiment were separated from their comrades. A few guns were entrusted to Hindoo gunners. The Mussulman gunners were despatched on different errands, and at last Captain Barlow had about five companies on whom he could rely. The supplies of food granted by treachery were peremptorily stopped, and at last, on the 7th of November, the Moulavie, urged on by the cries of his men, terminated the situation. By a forced march he gained a point in advance of Captain Barlow, and streamed along the road to the great temple. Leaving all the Mussulmans behind them, Captain Barlow and his picked corps started in pursuit. They overtook the Mahometans some seven miles in advance, and the engagement commenced with a shower of grape. Ameer Alee fell wounded at the first discharge, but his Pathans, mad with fanaticism, charged sword in hand straight up to the muzzles of the guns. While the day was still doubtful, they were attacked from behind. The Hindoo Zemindars, all



LUCKNOW, THE CAPITAL OF OUDE.

along the road, had assembled their retainers, and appeared at the critical moment in overwhelming force. The Pathans saw the day was lost, but they had come for death in the cause of Islam, and they died, fighting shoulder to shoulder, round the guns. The King's Mussulman troops, enraged at the manner in which they had been checked by Captain Barlow, drew their swords on their Hindoo comrades, and the tumult was only suppressed by an order dispersing the regiments to different and distant stations. One incident connected with this engagement must not be omitted. It illustrates the passionate zeal of the two parties even better than the death of the Pathans. One Mussulman gunner accompanied Captain Barlow. Though all alone, he refused to fire on his co-religionists, and was sabred on the spot. About 200 Hindoos and 300 Pathans perished on the field.

According to the accounts contained in the letters brought by the last Overland Mail from Lucknow, the danger is not yet over. The fallen are regarded as martyrs, and the ditch into which the bodies were thrown is styled the "Martyrs' Grave." The Prime Minister has been threatened with death, the sentries at his gate have been cut down, and an outbreak is considered possible in Lucknow itself.

We need scarcely remind our readers that Lucknow, the immediate scene of this religious war, is a city of Hindostan, the capital of the Oude dominion, and situated on the Goomty, a tributary of the Ganges. The population of the place is estimated at about 200,000. The city has an imposing external appearance, and is divided into several quarters, some of which contain noble buildings. In several of these buildings, the Grecian style of architecture has been imitated, and many of the private palaces are filled with European furniture. The principal edifice is the *Mausoleum*, or *Mausoleum* of Asoph-ad-Dowlah, and considered by some to be the finest building in India.

COUNT ESTERHAZY AND THE CZAR.

THE PEACE PROPOSALS.

The following communication is dated from Berlin:—

The friends of peace learn with more grief than surprise of the icy character of the reception accorded by the Emperor Alexander to Count Esterhazy. On being introduced, the Count handed the Austrian ultimatum to his Majesty, adding words of entreaty that he would agree to the honourable conditions from which the Emperor Francis Joseph had firmly resolved never to swerve. The Czar replied not a word to this respectful but firm communication, and confined himself to inquiring of the Count the particulars of his journey, and the health of his family. After a second fruitless attempt to bring the Czar to an exchange of explanations, the Count quitted the Palace. The result of this interview has produced a profound sensation at St. Petersburg. The emotion will not be less in Germany, when it is known with certainty that Count Esterhazy's mission has miscarried.

The Czar's obstinacy (says the sender of the above) is not unanimously approved of at St. Petersburg; but the intelligence which reaches me from all quarters, convinces me that the war party will be uppermost.

The Berlin correspondent of the semi-official Dresden journal states, however, that the telegraphic accounts received there from St. Petersburg represent the state of negotiations as not altogether unfavourable, there being no reason to fear that Russia will preposterously refuse to take the new peace proposals into serious consideration.

Despatches from St. Petersburg state that the Russian reply to the Austrian peace proposals has been sent off, and may arrive at Vienna by the 13th or 14th of January.

ANNEXATION OF HERAT TO PERSIA.

According to the despatches brought by the last Overland Mail, there is a report that Herat has been captured by the Persians.

Herat is on the Western boundary of Afghanistan, and from its position, in front of the only route from the North-West to the frontiers of British India, practicable for a large army, it is regarded as the key of Northern India. At the commencement of the present century, Herat and its territory formed part of the dominions of Zeeman Shah, the ruler of Afghanistan. There were, however, two rival families in the state,—that of the King, a member of the tribe of Suddozie, and that of Futteh Khan and his twenty brothers, of whom Dost Mahomed was the youngest. The family of Futteh Khan triumphed over their rivals, and partitioned Afghanistan among themselves, except Herat—this remained in the hands of the brother of Zeeman Shah. In 1837, while Yar Mahomed was Vizier, the Persians appeared before Herat; but, in consequence of the exertions of Lieutenant Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, the town was able to resist a ten months' siege. When the reigning chief died, Yar Mahomed became chief; and at his death transmitted his power to Mahomed Said, his son. Mahomed Said, it is reported, lived in an almost constant state of intoxication, and permitted his personal followers to tyrannise over the people. In this strait, the Heratians petitioned the Shah of Persia to dethrone their chief, and annex Herat. The Shah consented. Yussuf, a prince of the Suddozie family, was directed to concert measures with the Persian resident for surprising Herat. The latter agreed to introduce Yussuf with 4,000 horse into the town. He rode out one day, and returning after dark, brought back with him Yussuf and his men. When the gates were opened for the envoy, Yussuf's followers rushed in, massacred the guard, and seized the citadel and treasury. Mahomed Said was imprisoned, and Yussuf proclaimed himself chief as the vassal of Persia.

MASSACRE OF COOLIES.—The atrocities of the Coolie trade from China have excited universal indignation. But all former instances have been outdone by the following wholesale massacre.—The *Waverley*, American ship, 750 tons, sailed from Amoy with 442 Coolies for Havannah or Callao. Soon after her departure the captain died, and the first mate brought the vessel to Manila to procure another officer to take his place. On anchoring at Cavite, the mate alarmed the captain of the port about the sanitary state of the ship. This prevented free intercourse with her; and as one of the Coolies had died, the Chinese were offended at the mode in which the burial was to be conducted, or at the treatment of dead bodies. On this the mate raised a revolver and shot down one or more of them, and having driven the rest below, they were secured under hatches without any precaution being taken for ventilation. The mate then attended the captain's funeral, and spent the day ashore. It was not till midnight that the agents of the ship became aware of how matters stood, and they then took alarm, and ordered the mate to ascertain the condition of the Coolies. Accordingly, at two in the morning, twelve hours after the hatches had been put on, they were removed, and 251 of the Coolies were found lifeless, 45 were missing, leaving 146, of whom several were unlikely to survive. The mate and crew have been imprisoned by the Spanish authorities, and the United States Consul declined to take any cognisance of the matter. Other Coolie ships had left China, and it is feared that they may not complete their voyages without disaster. It may be added, that the Portuguese Government, at Macao, has imprisoned two Portuguese subjects charged with buying Chinese girls at Ningpo, to export them to Havannah—in short, with slave dealing.

A NEAPOLITAN MIRACLE.—The Naples correspondent of the "Times" writes:—"Every day has its wonder, and that of to-day is, that M. Brenier has wrought a miracle upon the Royal mind, and disposed it favourably to the Allies. Such is the report that I have heard stated strongly in several directions, and by people who affect to be well informed. It is added that the King will send a Contingent to the Crimea—I have authority for stating that his Majesty has never been asked to join the Allies, and that if he does so it will be by his own *proprio motu*—and, lastly, it is asserted that the Emperor of Austria is contemplating a visit to this Court, and that a long series of splendid *fetes* is in prospect. With respect to the visit of the Emperor of Austria I know nothing, but that orders have been given to high Court officers to make preparations for *fetes* on a scale of great splendour, there can be no doubt. The Court, too, are coming to Naples. Everything seems to indicate that we are on the eve of great events. It is stated that M. Brenier has expressed himself pleased with his reception by his Majesty, though baffled in his wishes to treat directly with the King. The Royal manner was very gracious. It is stated, too, that M. Brenier has every hope of accomplishing the object of his wishes, whatever they may be."

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

A MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.—On Sunday week, a disastrous casualty occurred at the Puffing Hole Table Rocks, west end of Kilkee, a watering place on the coast of Clare. The weather had for some days been wild and stormy, and the Atlantic surges were impelled against the cliffs to a height seldom seen. After church service on Sunday, the weather brightened up, but there was a frightful swell on the ocean, and several persons walked towards the cliffs to enjoy the prospect for miles on both sides of the bay. Captain and Mrs. Fisher, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Pepper, Mr. R. Smethwick, and Miss Smethwick, daughter of Mr. O. Smethwick, of Glanabally, formed one of the groups. They agreed to visit the Puffing Hole, which on the day after a storm throws up a fountain of sea water in the most fantastic fashion, and the successive jets d'eau exhibit the varied hues of the rainbow, the motion of the tide below keeping the attractive features above in full exercise. This singular object is approached by a sliding pathway from the cliff, and then about a perch of level granite direct to the cavern. Lieutenant-Colonel Pepper and Miss Smethwick were in advance, when a Coast Guardsmen warned the party of the danger of venturing on. Capt. Fisher, seeing a huge wave rolling in, called out to Lieut.-Colonel Pepper to mind himself, when the sea broke on the rock with a thundering noise, saturating Captain and Mrs. Fisher, and overpowering Lieut.-Colonel Pepper and Miss Smethwick, who were dragged by the receding swell into the shaft of the Puffing Hole, and there disappeared. The alarm was instantly given; the police, fishermen, and Coast Guard hastened to the spot, but no human being durst approach the brink of the Puffing Hole, which had engulfed the two visitors by the maelstrom action of the waters. The remains of the bodies have not been found. Part of Lieut.-Colonel Pepper's overcoat and the sleeve of Miss Smethwick's dress were cast ashore. Lieut.-Colonel Pepper had a large sum of money on his person at the time. He had lately returned from India, where he had served for many years in the Bengal army. Miss Smethwick was granddaughter of the late Rev. R. Gabbett, D.D. Arrangements were in progress for her marriage with Lieut.-Colonel Pepper when this calamity occurred.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY IN IRELAND.—The farm-yards through the greater part of Ireland are at present remarkably well stocked; all descriptions of farming produce fetch high prices; the agricultural population is receiving fair wages; payments of rent are greatly in advance of former years; and, although food is dear, labouring men for the most part are unusually well off.

DEATH CAUSED BY EXCESSIVE GRIEF.—A poor boy, named Claringbold, was lately killed by a thrashing-machine, at Ash, in Kent. When his body was taken home, his grandmother was greatly affected by the sight of the mangled remains. She retired for the night, but expired in the course of a couple of hours, through grief.

EXECUTION OF THE ROCHEDALE MURDERER.—On Saturday last, at noon, Jonathan Heywood, convicted at the late assizes of the wilful murder of Margaret Jones at Rochdale, by cutting her throat, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Since this condemnation, the Chaplain has been assiduous in his exertions to awake the unhappy man to a sense of his awful situation, but, despite his ministrations, he has exhibited the most dogged indifference, and, on one occasion only, did he manifest any grief at his position, and that was on the receipt of a letter from a near relative. He has slept soundly, eaten hearty meals, and has appeared quite composed. The execution took place in front of the gaol, Rochdale. The culprit, on the last morning of his life, was awake about half-past five o'clock. He got up and ate a hearty breakfast. His demeanour was hardened, and up to the moment of his execution he made not the slightest confession, but in his communications with the Chaplain, he frequently remarked that such evidence as was adduced upon his trial would have convinced him of a man's guilt. Though he did not either affirm or deny his guilt, he did say that the witnesses had not spoken the truth. He expressed sincere repentance for all past misdeeds; acknowledged that his life had been one of profligacy and drunkenness; that he was left an orphan when six years of age; and that he was the father of sixteen children, one of whom had very recently enlisted. He displayed no want of ordinary intelligence, though rather uneducated; he read everything the Chaplain gave him, and was most attentive to him when administering spiritual comfort. Some of his children had visited him in the condemned cell, and there evinced great affection. Captain Gibb, the Chaplain, and others have been most attentive to the unfortunate man; but as he made no confession, the Chaplain did not deem it proper to administer the Holy Sacrament previous to his execution. Precisely at twelve o'clock the culprit appeared under the drop, accompanied by the Chaplain, the under-sheriff, Mr. Wright, and Calcraft. There were two steps to ascend to the gallows, over which Heywood jumped at once, and, looking round, he said, "Cloutier, what a number of people!" When he came upon the drop, there was a singular smile upon his countenance, which bore also an expression of calmness; the noose was adjusted, and as the Chaplain read the service and those near withdrew amid a dreadfully melancholy stillness, the clank of the chain fastened to the drop was heard, and the demands of the law were satisfied.

WHY, HOW, AND WHEN.

SOCIETY has a sin to expiate. It is now in the act of converting well-disposed boys into profligates, vagrants, and criminals. When we say "society," we do not mean only that vague indefinite thing the million, but those who legislate and administer for the million; most especially Lord Palmerston, Sir George Grey, Sir John Pakington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and such as have the initiative and high consultative position near or in the government. They convert well-disposed boys into profligates, vagrants, and criminals; and now, during this present Christmas, they are continuing that bad conversion. We do not say it metaphorically—it is sober fact. When Lord Sidmouth showed Robert Owen a prison boy undergoing some kind of rough discipline, and asked the socialist what he thought, Robert Owen replied, "I think, my lord, you and the boy ought to change places." And the enthusiast was very near the truth, as enthusiasts sometimes are. At the Sussex meeting, the other day, Mr. Sydney Turner told the results of the statistics at Red Hill, discarding the last two years, as the sincerity of the reformed within that period has not been sufficiently tested by time. He finds that seven-tenths of the boys are effectually reformed—prove, in fact, to be good boys by nature, and well conducted when they are taught how to be so. Thus, in their previous condition, the boys have been artificially taught to be bad boys, and have been consigned to destruction. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*: he who lets wrong be done which he might prevent, does it himself; and in this case there is a direct responsibility. Lord Palmerston, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, and Sir John Pakington,—some of the principal heads of our governing system—are directly responsible, because, if they were to say that the thing shall be done, and were to put their shoulders together to the wheel, it would be done. It is their duty, as administrators and legislators, to protect the innocent against the guilty; but they leave the innocent children at the mercy of wicked parents and associates. Any one who attempts even honestly to seduce into lawful wedlock one of the Lord Chancellor's wealthy wards, shall be "in contempt," and shall sustain no end of punishment; but one who shall seduce no matter how many of Secretary Sir George Grey's penniless wards to courses of stealing shall be let alone, and Secretary Sir Dogberry Verges will only thank God that he is "quit of such vagrom men." This cannot be suffered to go on. We now know that of the total number of criminal boys, seven in ten at least, are so because they have been made so through causes which Lord Palmerston, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir George Grey, Chief Justice Campbell, and Sir John Pakington, could prevent.—*Spectator*.

LAW OF PEWS IN PARISH CHURCHES.—Dr. Phillimore has given the following opinion as to the rights of pews in parish churches. Claims are made generally upon the following grounds, viz.:—1. Faculty; 2. Prescription; 3. Purchase. He says:—"Purchase conveys no title at all. No point of law is more clearly established than that the sale of seats in a parish church, unless under the provisions of a specific Act of Parliament, is absolutely illegal and null. As to the title by prescription: a few may be prescribed for as appurtenants to a messuage, but only to inhabitants of a messuage; therefore, the claims of one person to seats, appurtenants to several messuages, cannot be sustained. The seat, if appurtenant at all, belongs to the inhabitants of the messuage. A title by prescription implies a faculty granted and lost; therefore, there must be proof of repairing time out of mind—that is, beyond memory. Eighty years have been held insufficient to exclude the authority of the ordinary. It is, moreover, fatal to such a claim that the parish or other persons should have repaired the seat within memory. A prescriptive right requires the clearest proof by immemorial occupation and repair. As to the title by faculty, the correct form is to a man and his family, so long as they continue members of a particular dwelling-house in a parish. Parties claiming under these various titles must be prepared to substantiate, by legal proof, within a reasonable time; and, if such proof cannot be produced, verbal assertion is to be disregarded. And it must be remembered, by parties claiming exemptions from the general law, that the presumption of the law is against them."

IMPERIAL DECREES confirm three nominations to the Legion of Honour, and the grant of eighteen military medals by Marshal Pelissier to officers and men of the army of the East.

WEEKLY OBITUARY.

AILESBUURY, MARQUIS OF.—On the morning of the 4th inst., at Tottenham Park, near Marlborough, died, in his 83rd year, the Most Noble Charles Bruce, Marquis and Earl of Ailesbury, Earl Bruce, and Baron Bruce of Tottenham, Knight of the Thistle, and Knight of Savernake Forest, only son of the 1st Earl, by Susan, daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq., of Stourhead, Wilts, and widow of Viscount Duncannon. The deceased nobleman was born in 1773, and succeeded to the earldom of Ailesbury on the death of his father, in April, 1814.

TOWNSHEND, MARQUIS.—The death of Marquis Townshend took place a few days ago at his Lordship's Villa, near Genoa, where he had lived for many years in retirement. The deceased, George Ferrars Townshend, was eldest son of George, second Marquis (the eminent genealogist and President of the Society of Antiquaries); and was born the 13th of December, 1778, and, consequently, had just entered his 79th year. The Marquis succeeded to the title on the demise of his father, July 27, 1811. He was High Steward of Tamworth. The late Marquis is succeeded in the marquise and ancient family honours by his cousin, Captain John Townshend, R.N., M.P. for Taunton.

CURRY, ADMIRAL.—On the 27th ult., at Stoke Damerell, near Plymouth, died, in his 84th year, Admiral Richard Curry, C.B. He was a son of the late Thomas Curry of Gosport, and cousin of the late gallant Capt. Faulkner, R.N. He first entered the navy in 1782, in the humble capacity of Captain's servant, on board H.M.S. "Amphitrite"; became afterwards master's mate in the "Phaeton." He was advanced to a commission for good conduct in 1794, and served as first lieutenant on board the "Sanspareil," Capt. Lord Henry Seymour. In the "Fury," he commanded a military post on the Dutch coast, covering thereby the landing of Sir R. Abercromby; and afterwards served with distinction in the Mediterranean. In 1801, he commanded and reduced the Castle of Aboukir, in Egypt, and ascending the Nile, captured the enemy's forts at Rahmanieh, and by cutting off all communication between Cairo and Alexandria, secured the command of the country of the Nile. For these services, Admiral Curry received from the Grand Vizier a magnificent present of a camel's hair pelisse, and the more substantial reward of £500 from the British government, on bringing home the despatches announcing our success at Aboukir. He subsequently served in the "Rochuck," under Lord Gardner; received a gold medal for his services in Egypt, and was nominated a C.B. in 1831. In 1804 Admiral Curry married Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late D. Blatford, Esq., of Tooting, Surrey, by whom he leaves a family of 11 surviving children, one of whom, now a lieutenant, R.N., was present at the Siege of Acre, in 1840.

ARDEN, REV. F. E.—On the 27th ult., died, aged 78, the Rev. Francis Edward Arden, of Longcroft, Staffordshire. The deceased gentleman was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1794. He was instituted to the Rectory of Gresham, Norfolk, in 1803, and held that living upwards of half a century. He became the representative of an ancient Staffordshire family by the demise of his elder brother, Major Arden, in 1809, and on the demise of his mother, became possessed of the hereditary estate of Longcroft. He married Rich-1, daughter of the late John Pankard, Esq., by whom he leaves issue a family of two sons and three daughters. One of the deceased gentleman's sisters is married to the Rev. Francis Close, of Cheltenham, and another to G. W. Panklyn, Esq., late of Clifton, now M.P. for Poole.

SHIPPERSON, E. ESQ.—On the 28th ult., at Hall Garth, County of Durham, aged 75, Edward Shipperson, Esq., of Murton and Piddington Hall Garth. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the County of Durham, and served the office of High Sheriff of that county in 1845. The large estates in Durham which have been vested in the family since the time of Edward III. came into the hands of the late Mr. Shipperson in 1793. He was never married, and has left, we believe, only two surviving sisters. One of his brothers was formerly rector of Marylebone, and the other, who was a lieutenant, R.N., was lost at sea in 1806.

BARLOW, CAPTAIN.—On the 30th ult., at Hammermith, aged 55, died Capt. Charles Anstruther Barlow, R.N. The deceased was fifth son of the late Sir George Hilary Barlow, Bart., G.C.B., and was born 1800. He entered the navy just before the close of the last war, and served afterwards on the Mediterranean and other stations. He was made a Companion of the Bath a few years since, and was also a Knight of the Order of San Fernando of Spain. He was never married. His elder brother, the present Sir Robert Barlow, Bart., is one of the judges of the Native Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta, and married, in 1832, Augusta Louisa, daughter of Major-General Seymour, R.A., late Governor of St. Lucia.

TEMPEST, MRS. S.—On the 31st ult., died Sarah, wife of Colonel Tempest, of Tong Hall, Yorkshire, and of Aulton, Lancashire. The deceased lady was second daughter of the late Rev. P. Plunbe, of Aughton, and married, in 1801, John Plunbe, Esq., of Tong, colonel of 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, and a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for both Lancashire and Yorkshire, who assumed the additional name of Tempest by sign manual in 1824. An ancestor of the deceased lady's husband, Sir Piers Tempest, accompanied King Henry into France, and shared the glorious victory of Agincourt, upon the field of which he received the honour of knighthood. The Plumbes were a family which formerly held large possessions in Suffolk and Leicestershire, and suffered severe losses in the cause of Charles I.

DE ST. GEORGE, COMTESSE.—On the 21st ult., at Changin, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, died Elizabeth Sophia, Comtesse de St. George. The deceased lady was the second daughter of the late Rev. Henry Heigham, of Hunston Hall, County of Suffolk, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Symonds, of Bury St. Edmunds, and married the Comte de St. George, in 1835. The family of Heigham has held lands in Suffolk since early in the fourteenth century: the representative of it in the middle of the sixteenth century was Sir Clement Heigham, Chief Baron of the Exchequer under Philip and Mary, a zealous adherent of the Queen's cause against Lady Jane Grey, and was chosen by her influence Speaker of the House of Commons, on the meeting of the third Parliament after the Reformation—the same in which the temporary re-union was effected between the Church of England and that of Rome. His son, Sir John Heigham, was High Sheriff and M.P. for Suffolk under Elizabeth, held an infantry command under that Queen at Tilbury Fort, and entertained her Majesty at Barrow Hall, in her Royal progress through Suffolk.

DIGBY, E.—On the 26th ult., at Brighton, died, aged 61, Elizabeth, widow of the late Captain Charles George Digby, R.N. The deceased was only daughter of the late and sister of the present Sir John Walsh, Bart., of Ormatwaite, County of Cumberland, and Warfield, Berkshire, and was married to her late husband in 1821. Captain Digby was the second son of the late Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham (who died in 1788, and was younger brother of the Earl of Digby, and uncle of the present peer), by Charlotte, daughter of the late Joseph Cox, Esq. The family name of the deceased lady's father was originally Benn, but he assumed the additional name of Walsh in 1794, on inheriting the Warfield estate from a distant relative of that name.

EVERY, SIR H. BART.—On the 26th ult., at Egginton Hall, near Burton-on-Trent, died Sir Henry Every, 9th Bart., in his 79th year. The late Baronet, who was born in 1777, succeeded to the family title and estates in 1785, when he was scarcely eight years of age, and married, in 1798, as soon as he attained his majority, Penelope, daughter of the late Sir J. P. Mosley, Bart., of Rolleston, County of Stafford. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Derbyshire, and was active as a county magistrate, though he never mixed himself in politics, and never, that we are aware of, aspired to a seat in Parliament. His eldest son, Henry, who died about two years ago, formerly captain in the Life Guards, was three times married—1st, in 1826, to a daughter of the late Dean (Talbot) of Salisbury; 2nd, in 1829, to Caroline, daughter of the fourth Viscount Ashbrook; and being left a widower again in 1840, he subsequently married Jane, daughter of the late Rev. Sir John Robinson, Bart., and widow of G. Powney, Esq. By his second wife the late Mr. Every had four daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom, Henry, succeeds to his grandfather's title. He was born in 1835, and married in the course of last year, Gertrude, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, a younger son of the Earl of Gainsborough.

HANNAY, W. R. ESQ.—On the 3rd inst., at Kirkdale House, died William Ramsford Hannay, Esq., of Kirkdale, Galloway, N.B. He was the son of Captain Ramsford of the Guards by a sister of the late Sir Samuel Hannay, Bart., of Kirkdale and Mochrum, Galloway. The Hannays, of Kirkdale, whom he represented, branched off the main stock of Hannay, of Sorbie, in Wigtonshire, in 1552, in the person of Alexander Hannay, Esq., from whom the deceased gentleman was ninth in descent. The Hannays were landholders in Galloway in the year 1296, sat in the Scottish Parliaments, married with the best houses of the south, and attained a baronetcy in 1630. They are now represented by George Francis Hannay, Esq., of Kingsmuir, in Fife. Mr. W. Ramsford Hannay married Maria, widow of Robert Stuart, Esq., M.P., and daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Dalrymple, C.B., a descendant of the noble family of Stair. This lady survives him.

THE OMNIBUS EXTENTE CORDIALE.—On Monday last the first instalment of the London omnibus connection was passed over to the French Compagnie Générale, and was duly worked by them through the day. This was the Holloway line, belonging to Mr. Wilson. It consisted of 50 omnibuses with 500 horses, employing about 180 men, all of whom are now in the service of the Anglo-French General Omnibus Company of London. A similar transfer was executed by Mr. Leonard Willing, the oldest omnibus proprietor in London, who, with others, conveyed to the same parties the Stoke Newington and Kingsland and Dalston line, comprising 22 omnibuses, 200 horses, and 70 employés. The French company's intended system of "correspondence" (by which a person getting into an omnibus in any part of London may be conveyed at one charge to any point of destination, by the mutual exchange of passengers) does not come into action until their new carriages are built, and their purchases of the other London lines are completed.

Literature.

The Campaign in the Crimea: an Historical Sketch. By GEORGE BRACKENBURY. Accompanied by forty double-tinted plates, taken on the spot by WILLIAM SIMPSON. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., Pall Mall East.

MR. SIMPSON'S sketches from the Crimea are already celebrated. The present splendid form in which they have been collected by Messrs. Colnaghi will consolidate and make lasting their reputation as a very complete and vivid memorial of the present war. The work is a noble-looking gilded quarto, dazzlingly bound in an ultramarine-and-gold cover (bearing the imposing signature of Digby Wyatt as its designer), and contains forty lithographic plates, copied from Mr. Simpson's drawings by various well-known hands, and printed in "double tint" by Messrs. Day and Son. The accompanying letter-press, extending to 112 pages, is from the pen of Mr. George Brackenbury, the late secretary at Kadikoi to the honorary agents of the Crimean Fund.

Mr. Simpson is a very clever and apparently conscientious landscape draughtsman. That he is a very indefatigable one, the quantity and elaboration of his drawings in the present volume amply testify. As a figure designer, he is not so successful, except when his ambition to represent the human form does not exceed the province of a landscape painter. That is to say, his figures, when merely incidental to the scene, are always well introduced, and add greatly to the general effect; but when of such magnitude as to constitute a picture in themselves, they are feeble and unsatisfactory. Thus, Mr. Simpson's picture of "A Christmas Dinner on the Heights before Sebastopol" (plate 30), where character and portraiture have been attempted, is something of a failure. It is very difficult to tell the age, rank, or nationality of most of the twelve bearded gentlemen who are seated round the table (certainly not enjoying themselves). But when Mr. Simpson has a moving mass of figures to represent—a cavalry charge, a dotted battle-field, a broken procession, or a confused *volée*—he comes out as a true artist, combining many of the qualities of *Wouwermans* and of *Raffet*. Plate 7, "The Second Charge of the Guards at Inkermann"; 28, "The Railway at Balaklava"; 23, "The Embarkation of the Sick at Balaklava"; 16, "Huts and Warm Clothing for the Army"; 13, "Commissariat Difficulties"; and plates 6 and 17, representing two aspects of the disastrous but splendid 25th of October at Balaklava, are amongst the best illustrations of our latter meaning, and are, indeed, a very brilliant series of miniature battle-pieces.

But pure landscape itself is, after all, Mr. Simpson's real forte. He has a good eye for atmosphere and perspective, and a free command of pencil. He depicts a vast expanse of country, in all its various details, with bird's-eye precision. It is this valuable quality that constitutes the great merit of his work. The desideratum in such an undertaking must be to get at a good idea of the country; and this, Mr. Simpson gives us under a countless variety of aspects. He presents us Sebastopol from every possible point of view. The scene of every memorable occurrence in the campaign is given so carefully and intelligibly as to make the work, we should say, an important and lasting boon to future historical painters, as a collection of authorities—a position in which we hope to see it recognised.

We are not generally admirers of the principle of double tinted engravings. It is an attempt at colour—and usually a disappointing one. For instance, a blue sky and a brown foreground require something more than black trees, men, and horses between them. But the unsatisfactory medium has been used to the best possible advantage in the present series; and to some of Mr. Simpson's sketches, especially the winter scenes (of which there are necessarily a large number), where nothing but a cold grayness is required, gives a *crasemble* suggestion of actual colour and atmosphere.

Mr. Brackenbury has done his task of explanation creditably and modestly—almost too modestly. He claims no higher rank than that of a compiler from ordinarily available sources, and apologizes for an absence of literary skill that is really not perceptible.

The Battle of the Alma. A National Ballad. By JOHN WM. FLETCHER, Author of "Tryphena and other Poems," &c. Second Edition, revised, To which is added, *Io Pean*. London: R. Theobald.

This is a stirring ballad, too much like Macaulay to be original, but sufficiently like him to be readable. The subject matter is obvious enough, and the treatment is proportionately conventional. But, we repeat, the ballad is readable, and contains, here and there, a good stanza and a tolerable image. The following, though not marked by a single new idea, is well condensed and strung together:—

"Standing silent—standing steady—
With their faces to the foe,
As the stars with steadfast lustre
Watch the storm-clouds come and go:
Standing with a proud defiance,
Like a stately stag at bay,
Riding on that fearful tempest
As a sea-mew crests the spray.
Down against that shattered remnant
Fighting fiercely to the death—
Rallying round their colours—raising
British cheers with dying breath:
From those rocky heights, gun-guarded,
On that small devoted troop,
Moves a mighty Russian squadron,
Like an eagle at a swoop:
Solid as a crag of granite
Loosened from a mountain height,
Crashing down the echoing valleys
Into everlasting night.
'T was the crisis of the battle,
'T was the fifth act of the play,
When the falling of a feather
Turns the balance either way.
Had those scurried Russian masses
Charged upon us as a down,
They'd have swept us down like vapour
At the rising of the sun."

"Io Pean," the second poem in the very attenuated volume, is to Campbell what its precursor is to Macaulay. It is simply a burst of British valour, in the old "Death of Nelson," "Battle of the Baltic" line—but, in that line, not ill-written. We have not had the pleasure of reading "Tryphena and other Poems," and are unacquainted with the author's position and pretensions. If he be a young man, as we are inclined to think, he may be able to produce something creditable, when he has practised a little the very difficult art of thinking.

The present volume is a meagre pamphlet, neatly printed on good paper, but bound in a pretentious gothic cover, which, instead of answering its desired end, makes the work look simply like a penny copy of "Mother Hubbard."

Two Summer Cruises with the Baltic Fleet in 1854-5. Being the Log of the *Pet Yacht*, 8 Tons, R.T.Y.C. By the Rev. ROBERT EDGAR HUGHES: Smith and Elder.

As a book of travels, Mr. Hughes's volume is mediocre, and had the scene of it been laid in the East, would have been quite uninteresting. But to us it is valuable as a faithful description of our fleet in the Baltic. It has more accuracy than the letters of most newspaper correspondents, because the author is an unprejudiced looker-on, and has not to defend the Navy's inaction as a naval officer, or to hint about his own exclusive sources of information. We will, therefore, entirely dismiss the travel part of the book, and confine ourselves to the strategical and warlike portions.

The Navy will have to thank Mr. Hughes for showing the public how unpalatable the Baltic inaction was to the Baltic campaigners. It is absurd to talk about the degeneracy of the Navy because we have not taken Cronstadt, and it is unfair towards our men-o'-war's men, who chafed against the restraint put upon them by the authorities at home far more than any of their critics. Let the reader judge from the following passage:—

"Nothing puts sailors so much out of humour as inaction in the presence of an enemy; and the notion of landing guns to be kept the forts, soldier-fashion, while the ships were lying just out of range, with colours flying, and bands of music playing, was most disgusting to Jack's notions of British pluck. It was not pleasant to hear the French growling at the inaction, which they did not hesitate to impute to the English authorities; and disparaging expressions were heard repeatedly, generally, however, accompanied by the saving clause, 'Mais, il vaut bien le notre.' On all sides the greatest disgust was expressed for the modern system of naval warfare, the principle of which seemed to be, to keep out of gun-shot. 'None of that d—d nonsense, now we're ashore,' said a marine officer—a sentiment in which all present concurred most heartily. But the stone-wall and red-hot shot disease had got hold of the authorities, and the ships were resolutely kept out of harm's way. Meanwhile, disappointment and disgust seemed to weigh heavy upon all: curses low and deep were muttered. 'The French would get the start of us, and gain all the credit of the enterprise.' 'Let five hundred marines and as many blue-jackets alone, and they'd take the d—d place before dinner-time.' 'What's the use of talking, sir; 'twas just the same at that other place. How do we know that ships can't do nothing, if we never tries 'em?' 'The Walorons, along with the Hecla and Odin, nearly got the place in no time, then, three by their selves. Give Captain — the command, and he'd larn 'em English.' Among the officers the same opinions were expressed, though, of course, with more reserve. And I don't believe there were ten, perhaps only two, men in the fleet who did not believe, that if the ships had gone in resolutely at first as close as the water permitted, the place would have been ours before sunset."

The feelings of our men are pretty well shown by this passage. In another place, Mr. Hughes quotes a philosophical observation from the lips of a sergeant of marines, to the effect that, "that's the way we does, wherever we goes: we spare the innimie, but we spoil the men." Our author considers that we are too lenient towards Russia, and that kindness in the present case is a mistaken policy. The more we cripple the enemy the nearer we are to peace. If this supposition be correct, vigorous measures at the outset are more truly humane than delay and tenderness. War is, in itself, so great a calamity, that any measures calculated to bring it to a speedy conclusion must be better than those which would prolong it. Such is Mr. Hughes's argument; for which some sanctimonious writers have abused him, as a disgrace to the Church of England. These views are propounded in an interesting chapter on "Modern Tactics," and are much the same as those already set forth by the author in an article on the "Future Prospects of the British Navy," in "Cambridge Essays."

Mr. Hughes gives us a telling description of Sweaborg, and contrasts its real appearance with that which it presents in sundry printellers' windows. He gives a catalogue of these fancy sketches, in which enormous forts with three tiers of guns figure to a great extent. We are informed, that in one sketch a huge precipitous inland, covered with sea-birds, like the Bass Rock, bearing granite batteries that frown down upon line-of-battle ships passing underneath, does duty for Sweaborg. We quote Mr. Hughes's description:—

"No rocky cliffs, no perpendicular granite forts were here, to offer a fair mark, and crumble down under the crushing concentrated fire of heavy ships; no tier upon tier of guns in casemates, but a string of low rocky islands, separated by narrow channels, which the eye could scarcely distinguish, but presenting at some distance, the appearance of one low shore of broken and shelving ground, rising gradually, to the height of some thirty or forty feet. Along this coast we saw continuous lines of sloping earth-batteries, showing nothing for a mark but the very muzzles of the guns: further back where the ground rose, little stone forts of seven or eight guns nestled in every nook, and here and there naked guns, mounted on barbettes upon every suitable slope of rock. Then among the buildings, every now and then a window could be seen bearing a most suspicious likeness to an embrasure; and, on a closer examination, guns were seen projecting where, at first sight, nothing but a garret window showed. The works which constitute the defences of Sweaborg and Helsingfors, extend over a convex line of five miles, facing the sea. The islands on which these are placed are, Storholm (Large Island) to the eastward, having, apparently, a small earth battery; next to this, to the westward, the much larger island of Sandhamm (Sand Haven), the whole south face of which is lined with earth-batteries, very strong, and, up to the day of bombardment, rapidly increasing in size and number."

For a clergyman, Mr. Hughes seems singularly open and straightforward in his criticism on naval matters. But it must be recollected that he is a yachtsman with all Byron's love for the sea. It might be suggested that he has mistaken his profession, and would have been more fitted for the deck of a man-of-war than for the pulpit. We have reason to rejoice that such is not the case, for we should never have received so fresh and hearty a book about the Baltic, from a man doomed to inaction in presence of the Russian fortresses, or about life at sea from one who had experienced its constant hardships and *désagrémens* as an officer in her Majesty's service.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

EXTRACTS FROM VOLS. III. AND IV.

LUXEMBURG AND WILLIAM OF ORANGE AT LANDEN.

Never, perhaps, was the change which the progress of civilisation has produced more strikingly illustrated than on that day. Ajax beating down the Trojan leader with a rock which two ordinary men could scarcely lift, Horatius defending the bridge against an army, Richard the Lion-Hearted spurring along the whole Saracen line without finding an enemy to stand his assault, Robert Bruce crushing with one blow the helmet and head of Sir Henry Bohun in sight of the whole array of England and Scotland, such are the heroes of a dark age. In such an age, bodily vigour is the indispensable qualification of a warrior. At Landen, two sickly beings, who, in a rude state of society, would have been regarded as too puny to bear any part in combats, were the souls of two great armies. In some heathen countries, they would have been exposed while infants. In Christendom they would, six hundred years earlier, have been sent to some quiet cloister. But their lot had fallen on a time when men had discovered that the strength of the muscles is far inferior in value to the strength of the mind. It is probable that, among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.

ENGLAND NINE YEARS AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

England had passed through severe trials, and had come forth renewed in health and vigour. Ten years before, it had seemed that both her liberty and her independence were no more. Her liberty she had vindicated by a just and necessary revolution. Her independence she had reconquered by a not less just and necessary war. She had successfully defended the order of things established by the Bill of Rights against the mighty monarchy of France, against the aboriginal population of Ireland, against the avowed hostility of the nonjurors, against the more dangerous hostility of traitors who were ready to take an any oath, and whom no oath could bind. Her open enemies had been victorious on many fields of battle. Her secret enemies had commanded her fleets and armies, had been in charge of her arsenals, had ministered at her altars, had taught at her universities, had swarmed in her public offices, had sate in her Parliament, had bowed and fawned in the bedchamber of her King. More than once it had seemed impossible that anything could avert a restoration which would inevitably have been followed, first, by proscriptions and confiscations, by the violation of fundamental laws, and the persecution of the established religion, and then by a third rising up of the nation against that House which two depositions and two banishments had only made more obstinate in evil. To the dangers of war and the danger of treason had recently been added the dangers of a terrible financial and commercial crisis. But all those dangers were over. There was peace abroad and at home. The kingdom, after many years of ignominious vassalage, had resumed its ancient place in the first rank of European Powers. Many signs justified the hope that the revolution of 1688 would be our last revolution. The ancient constitution was adapting itself by a natural, a gradual, a peaceful development to the wants of a modern society. Already freedom of conscience and freedom of discussion existed to an extent unknown in any preceding age. The currency had been restored. Public credit had been re-established. Trade had revived. The Exchequer was overflowing. There was a sense of relief everywhere, from the Royal Exchange to the most secluded hamlets among the mountains of Wales and the fens of Lincolnshire. The ploughmen, the shepherds, the miners of the Northumbrian coal pits, the artisans who toiled at the looms of Norwich and the anvils of Birmingham, felt the change, without understanding it; and the cheerful bustle

in every seaport and every market town indicated, not obscurely, the commencement of a happier age.

THE JACOBITES OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Between English Jacobitism and Irish Jacobitism there was nothing in common. The English Jacobite was animated by a strong enthusiasm for the family of Stuart; and, in his zeal for the interests of that family, he too often forgot the interests of the state. Victory, peace, prosperity, seemed evils to the staunch nonjuror of our island if they tended to make usurpation popular and permanent. Defeat, bankruptcy, famine, invasion, were, in his view, public blessings, if they increased the chance of a restoration. He would rather have seen his country the last of the nations under James II. or James III., than the mistress of the sea, the umpire between the contending potentates, the seat of arts, the hive of industry, under a prince of the House of Nassau or of Brunswick.

The sentiments of the Irish Jacobite were very different, and, it must in candour be acknowledged, were of a nobler character. The fallen dynasty was nothing to him. He had not, like a Cheshire or Shropshire cavalier, been taught from his cradle to consider loyalty to that dynasty as the first duty of a Christian and a gentleman. All his family traditions, all the lessons taught him by his foster-mother and by his priests, had been of a very different tendency. He had been brought up to regard the foreign sovereigns of his native land, with the feeling with which the Jew regarded Caesar, with which the Scot regarded Edward I., with which the Castilian regarded Joseph Bonaparte, with which the Pole regards the Autocrat of the Russias. It was the boast of the highborn Milesian that, from the twelfth century to the seventeenth, every generation of his family had been in arms against the English crown. His remote ancestors had contended with Fitzstephen and De Burgh. His great-grandfather had cloven down the soldiers of Elizabeth in the battle of the Blackwater. His grandfather had conspired with O'Donnell against James I. His father had fought under Sir Phelim O'Neill against Charles I. The confiscation of the family estate had been ratified by an act of Charles II. No Puritan, who had been cited before the High Commission by Laud, who had charged under Cromwell at Naseby, who had been prosecuted under the Conventicle Act, and who had been in hiding on account of the Rye House Plot, bore less affection to the House of Stuart, than the O'Harns and MacMahons, on whose support the fortunes of that house now seemed to depend.

The fixed purpose of these men was to break the foreign yoke, to exterminate the Saxon colony, to sweep away the Protestant church, and to restore the soil to its ancient proprietors. To obtain these ends they would without the smallest scruple have risen up against James; and to obtain these ends they rose up for him. The Irish Jacobites, therefore, were not at all desirous that he should again reign at Whitehall; for they could not but be aware that a sovereign of Ireland, who was also sovereign of England, would not, and, even if he would, could not, long administer the government of the smaller and poorer kingdom in direct opposition to the feeling of the larger and richer. Their real wish was that the crowns might be completely separated, and that their island might, whether under James or without James they cared little, form a distinct state under the powerful protection of France.

KING JAMES AFTER LANDING AT KINSALE.

James received on his progress numerous marks of the goodwill of the peasantry; but marks such as to men bred in the courts of France and England had an uncouth and ominous appearance. Though very few labourers were seen at work in the fields, the road was lined by Rapparees armed with skeans, staves, and half-pikes, who crowded to look upon the deliverer of their race. The highway along which he travelled presented the aspect of a street in which a fair is held. Pipers came forth to play before him in a style which was not exactly that of the French opera, and the villagers danced wildly to the music. Long frieze mantles, resembling those which Spenser had a century before described as meet beds for rebels and apt cloaks for thieves, were spread along the path which the cavalcade was to tread, and garlands, in which cabbage stalks supplied the place of laurels, were offered to the Royal hand. The women insisted on kissing his Majesty; but it should seem that they bore little resemblance to their posterity, for this compliment was so distasteful to him that he ordered his retinue to keep them at a distance.

BARON PARKE ON THE BENCH.—He has a curious turnip-shaped head, and when a counsel is advancing something of which he disapproves, the first signal of dissent is a pulling out of the cheeks, which gives his face the appearance of a good-natured ogre's. Then one hand is put into the judicial pocket, and a red book (the error of the bar) is solemnly produced, containing a choice selection of abstruse cases, and from this his Lordship proceeds to admonish his erring brother in the law. There is some doubt as to whether his Lordship's elevation to the peerage will be made under the title of "Amphill." Baron Parke is a north countryman, and is looking about him, it is said, for a title among the names of places in his native district.—*Manchester Weekly Advertiser*.

ERZEROUH.

ERZEROUH, as the capital of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, and, at present, the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia, is a city of considerable importance. It is situated in a plain of great beauty, on the banks of the river Kara—the west branch of the great Euphrates. Erzerouh lies to the south-east of Trebizond, its nearest seaport town, from which it is distant 120 miles. Kara, again, the scene of the last conflict in those quarters (the capitulation of which, and the sad accounts therewith connected, we gave in our last number), is situated to the north-east of Erzerouh, and distant from it about 105 miles. The open plain in which Erzerouh is situated is one of great picturesqueness, and of no small extent. It is represented by travellers as being about thirty miles long and twenty miles broad, and encircled on all sides by mountains, which give an air of quiet grandeur to the city and the plain in which it is situated.

As it seems extremely probable that Erzerouh will be the next place which the Russians will attack, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have a few details respecting the houses and internal appearance of the town—a distant view of which we give in the accompanying engraving.

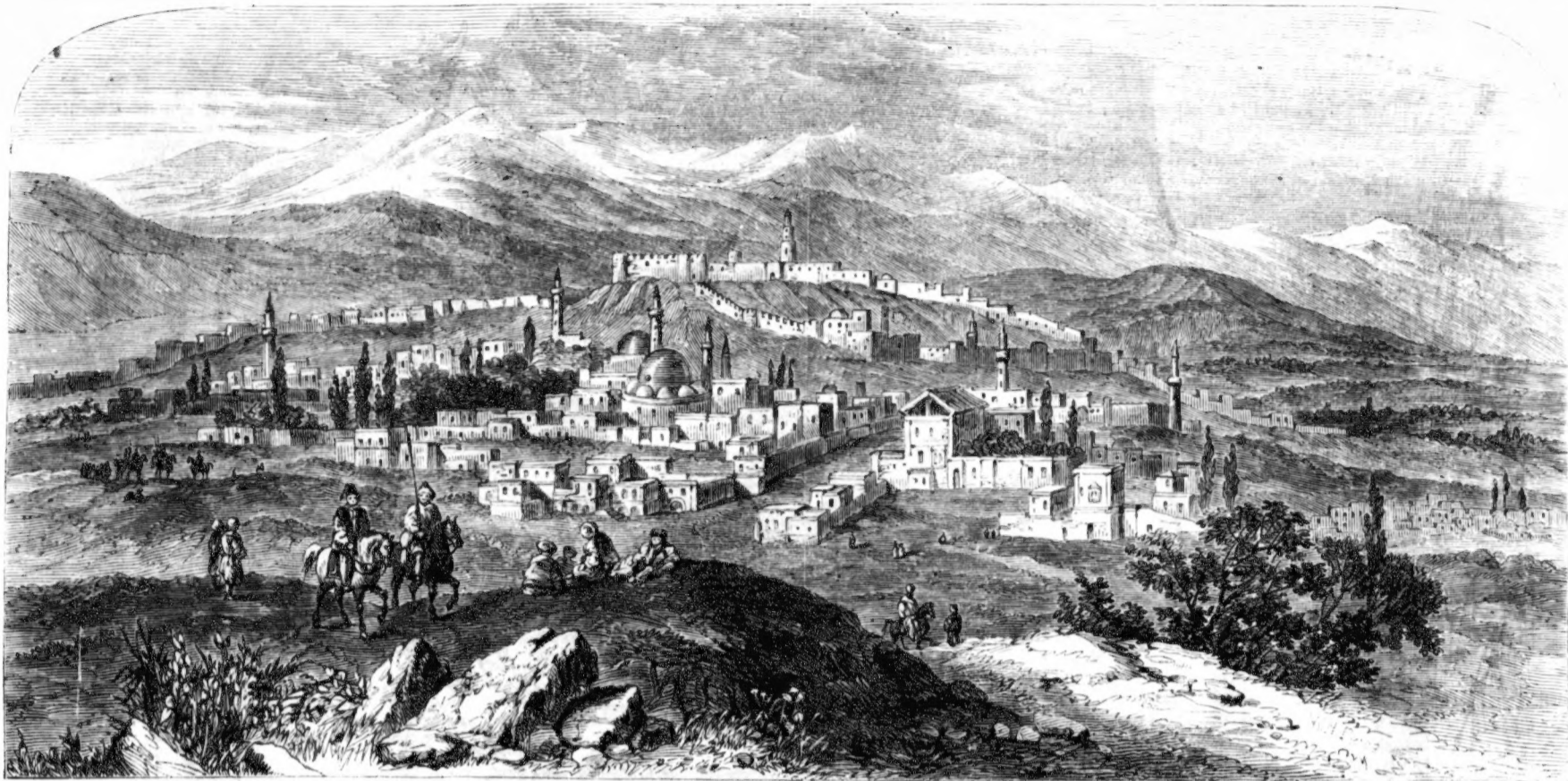
In common with other eastern towns, the streets of Erzerouh are represented as narrow, inconvenient, and extremely dirty; in winter impassable from snow and ice, in spring from the deluge of melting snow, and in summer from the troublesome dust; and abounding in the carcases of various animals, with the inseparable accompaniment of savage-looking dogs, whose duty it is to act the part of the scavenger. The street dogs of Erzerouh are, says a recent traveller, "of a large size and of a mastiff breed. In order to resist the severity of the climate, nature, in her beneficence, has provided them with long shaggy coats, whilst, in her rigour, she has endowed them with insatiable appetites."

Mr. Charles Duncan, who has, within the last six months, published an account of the last campaign with the Turks in Asia, gives the following description of the appearance of the streets, as he witnessed them in January, 1854:—

"The day being fine the streets were crowded, notwithstanding the accumulation of snow, with representatives of almost all the tribes of Asia. The Kurd, with truculent countenance and the everlasting goat skin thrown arrogantly over his shoulders, was conversing on the prospects of the war and on the probabilities of pillage, with the slightly clad Arab, who was shivering in the cruel cold. The Persian merchants, with their lambskin caps and dyed beards, were chatting over the profits which the approaching famine promised to yield them. Robbers from Lazistan were watching the Persian traders, and forming among themselves amiable projects to attack and pillage the same on their journey to Trebizond. Sickly-looking soldiers, who had let the hospital to enjoy a little fresh air, were being supported by their comrades, and were enjoying the scene of active life which surrounded them."

Mr. Duncan adds, that he and a companion of his both united in declaring Erzerouh to be the filthiest and most uninteresting place on earth. The opinion, however, was subsequently modified on arriving at Kara, which, from all accounts, is even worse.

The population of Erzerouh at one time amounted to above 140,000 souls, but in the present day it scarcely attains a fourth of that number. An extensive commerce once enriched the place, but recently it has derived but a trifling advantage from a mere transit. Until the inexorable calls o



ERZEROUN, THE CAPITAL OF ARMENIA.—(FROM A DRAWING BY TEXIER.)

war absorbed the whole attention of the inhabitants, merchandise of great value passed through Erzeroum, on its way from Persia to Constantinople. No public buildings of any importance exist in Erzeroum, and, it is said, scarcely a ruin remains to remind the present generation of its past grandeur. A ruined mosque erected by a pious Persian, in days gone by, comprises two picturesque minarets, and this, says the writer before quoted, "is the only edifice that can lay claim to the slightest admiration." Such is a very brief account of Erzeroum, where Selim Pacha and his troops now are, in all probability, bravely defending the place. We trust they will be more successful than the gallant Williams was at Kars, and that external aid will be more promptly vouchsafed to them than appears to have been rendered to that unfortunate garrison.

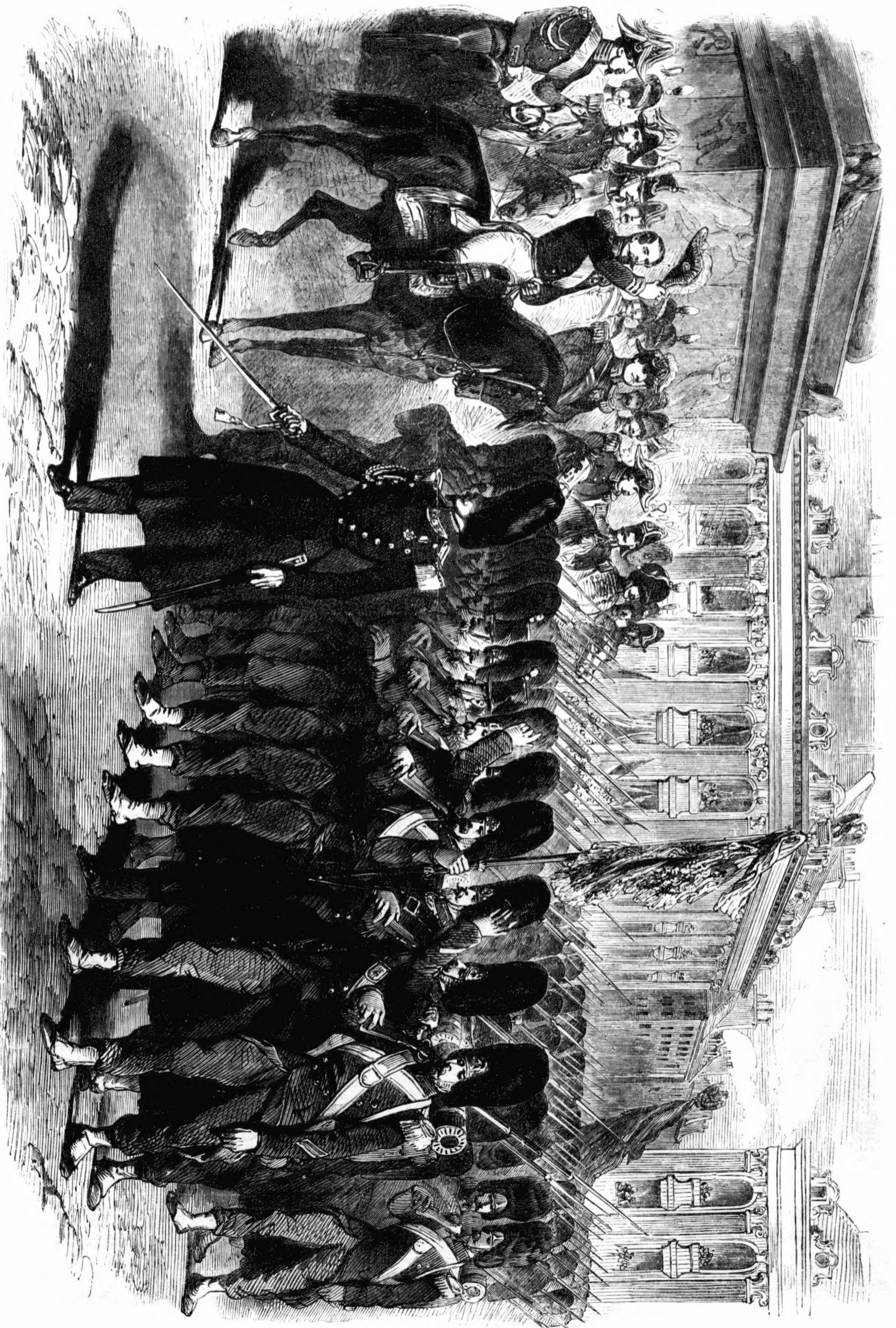
LAKE SIVAN.

In the neighbourhood of Kars, but within the Russian territory, there exists a magnificent Lake called the Sivan or Cokcha, or, as it is frequently called, the Blue-water or Fresh-water Sea. It is 47 miles in length, and averages from 6 to 21 miles in width, and a party of Russian officers, a few years since, ascertained its greatest depth to be 250 fathoms. In consequence of its great elevation—between five and six thousand feet above the level of the Black Sea—this immense sheet of water invariably becomes frozen over during the winter. Surrounding it is an amphitheatre of noble mountains, the summits of which are always capped with snow. No less than thirty separate streams and torrents fall into Lake Sivan, the only visible outlet to which is the Zenga, which runs

towards Erivan, and discharges itself into the river Arras. Under the former Kings of Armenia, the shores of the Sivan were studded with innumerable villages and fine churches, the ruins of which still exist; but since their constant exposure to the calamities of war, only fifty-three Tartar and Armenian villages, with diminished populations, can be enumerated. A Russian colony has been recently established on the banks of this great expanse of water, which is yet so little known. At the southern extremity of Lake Sivan there is a small island, whereon stands an ancient monastery, to which Armenian pilgrims very frequently resort. One at least of this fraternity will be noticed represented in our engraving, and the group to the left is evidently a Persian family, judging from the costume of the mounted female, and the tall cap and long gun of the individual on foot.



LAKE SIVAN, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF KARS.—(FROM A DRAWING BY PRINCE GAGARIN.)



THE ENTRY OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD INTO PARIS.—THE TROOPS CROSSING THE PLACE VENDÔME.
(DRAWN BY GEORGE JAMES.)

THE ENTRY OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD INTO PARIS.

THE TROOPS CROSSING THE PLACE VENDÔME.

THE Imperial Guard—represented in the accompanying illustration—is inseparably associated in the mind of the Parisian populace with the excitement and glory of the Consulate and the Empire, with the victories of Marengo, Jena, and Friedland; with the return of the great Napoleon from Elba, and with that short and deplorable parody on the first Empire which was terminated by the Battle of Waterloo, and which is known in history as the Hundred Days. The Imperial Guard has always been as much loved as respected; no corps, in fact, was ever more popular. And the reason is, that it never had anything in common with those special troops formerly maintained by sovereigns, not to serve the country, but to execute their personal designs—to oppose, if necessary, the wishes of the people and of the rest of the army. The Imperial Guard, on the contrary, has always been distinguished by ardent patriotism and by energetic devotedness to the French name—it has been an elder brother in the military family.

Such being the case, it is not wonderful that, on the morning appointed for their triumphal entry into Paris, the French capital should have been in commotion, and the main passages leading to the Bastille and its approaches thronged with an immense and enthusiastic crowd. The battalions of the National Guard, and the regiments composing the Army of the East, formed the double line, which reached from the Place Vendôme to the Bastille. Near the Place de la Bastille, at the entrance of the Boulevard Beaumarchais, a lofty triumphal arch was erected, coloured so as to represent a structure of red granite. On the frieze of the monument were inscribed the words, “*À la gloire de l’Armée d’Orient*.” A shield with an azure field bore in letters of gold the name of Sebastopol, and was encircled with various military emblems. On the summit were the imperial arms, surrounded by a cluster of flags; and four golden eagles, with outspread wings, occupied the sides. Two gilt statues, representing Victory, appeared on the right and left of the two figures of the monument, and held in their hands crowns of laurel. On the frieze were inscribed the names of the different corps d’armée; a bas-relief, which adorned the arch, represented France and the muse of History. On the sides were inscribed the names of the principal battles fought; and won against the Russians—namely, Bomarsund, Eupatoria, Kertch, Kinburn, Sweaborg, Balaklava, Kamiesch, the Alma, Inkermann, Traktir, Kougli, the Malakhoff, and Silistria. Four lofty poles, with oriflammes floating from the summit, were planted in front of the triumphal arch. The whole line of the Boulevard was adorned with flags and streamers, and, at regular intervals, Venetian masts supported trophies and shields, and immense banners with the national colours, on which glittered in gold, the initials of the Emperor and Empress, and inscriptions in honour of the victorious troops. In some places, platforms richly ornamented were erected, and which, from an early hour of the day, were occupied by crowds of operatives eager to behold the imposing spectacle, which appeared like one long triumphal avenue. The facade of the hotel of the Minister of Justice, which is in the Place Vendôme, nearly opposite the column, was richly decorated. A canopy of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold, extended from the windows of the first-floor, where a large balcony had been prepared for the reception of the Empress and the ladies of the Court.

The Emperor, who was dressed in his usual costume of a general of division, with the Grand Cordon and Star of the Legion, and mounted on a beautiful bay charger, covered with rich housings, having addressed the troops at the Place de la Bastille, and appeared in the Place Vendôme, amid loud acclamations and cries of “*Vive l’Empereur!*” “*Vive l’Impératrice!*” took his station with his back to the Pillar of the Grand Armée, and facing the balcony where the Empress shortly afterwards appeared, surrounded by her ladies of honour, the officers of her household, the representatives of the Allied Powers, &c. All the windows of the square were lined with ladies attired in the richest toilets. The troops moved forward in heavy marching order, and were preceded by such of the wounded of each corps as were able to walk. As the regiments passed along they were hailed with the loudest cheers, and the ladies never ceased waving their handkerchiefs. As each commanding officer rode at the head of his corps, he raised his sword and saluted the fair enthusiasts who welcomed them. Nothing could prevent the crowds from approaching the weather-beaten warriors, and young and old gazed with the same interest on their worn uniforms, the flags torn to ribbons, the eagles here and there perforated with Russian bullets. As the column passed along, several of the people rushed in between the ranks to grasp the hand of some old friend, and whisper a word of welcome. The Zouaves came in for a great share of the enthusiasm. General Canrobert’s reception—who, at the Emperor’s request, rode at the head of the division—was, it is superfluous to say, of the heartiest kind. The cortege was closed by a crowd of men in blouses, who marched in military order, and followed the column to the Place Vendôme. The spectacle was truly splendid. As the troops reached the square they defiled before their Majesties, crying “*Vive l’Empereur!*” and “*Vive l’Impératrice!*”

UNSAFE STATE OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.—Lieut.-Colonel Wynne, R.E., having been appointed by the Privy Council to examine the bridges on the Eastern Counties Railway, gives the following unfavorable report respecting them:—“The under bridges and viaducts on the line between London and Norwich are very numerous. I examined a large number of them, and the condition in which I found all these, and the reports I received of the others, satisfy me that those I examined may be taken as a true example of the whole. I found them all in an advanced state of decay and general deterioration; the piles were deeply rotted between wind and water, or where they enter the ground; their heads decayed, and the parts exposed to the weather more or less gone; the capsills very much decayed, especially on their under sides, and, in some instances, crushed down on the heads of the piles; the longitudinal timbers likewise much decayed throughout their length, and greatly gone where they rest on the capsills. The planking of the superstructure of all was so rotten as to make it dangerous in many places to walk over them. All the larger bridges that I examined appeared to have undergone repairs, and to have been strengthened some years since by having half timbers added to the longitudinal timbers; but whether these repairs were done with old materials or very inferior timber, the fact is, that they are now the most decayed portion of the bridges.”

WORKING MEN’S COLLEGE.—The Rev. F. D. Maurice, as Principal of the Working Men’s College, Red Lion Square, has issued the first yearly report on the state and progress of the college. The return of the number of pupils during the terms of the first year shows a satisfactory advance on each; rising gradually from 145 in the first term to 235 in the last. “Our pupils,” Mr. Maurice writes, “have met us freely and cordially; their diligence has been greater than we believe we should have met with in any other class; they have not lounged at lectures, but taken part in lessons. Generally, they have preferred the subjects which demand most thought and most application.” The following table shows the occupations of the students:—“Operatives, building trades (carpenters, &c.), 18; cabinet-makers, upholsterers, pianoforte-makers, gilders, frame-makers, decorators, 14; jewellers, goldsmiths, watch and clock makers, opticians, instrument-makers, 12; craftsmen, lithographers, map-engravers, 6; modellers, designers, wire-workers, 6; engineers, machinists, 8; wood-turners, wood-engravers, 3; printers, compositors, bookbinders, 14; boot-makers, tailors, 10; miscellaneous, 10; clerks, 53; tradesmen, tradesmen’s assistants, and warehousemen, 36; professional men, 17; schoolmasters, teachers, 8; sundry occupations, 18; total, 235.” The college is far from self-supporting; though, by the help of friends, it is entirely out of debt. A similar institution has been set on foot at Cambridge, and it is expected that a third will be opened at Oxford next term.

POSTAL STAMPED PAPER.—Postal Stamped paper was issued by the Post Office authorities on the 1st of January. It is of the value of 4d., 6d., and 1s. per sheet, and will pass for that amount of postage through the post, provided it contains enclosures of the proper limit as to weight. The impressions on the stamped paper which will give it postal value will be embossed; that of 4d. is a red impression, and of a round shape; that of 6d. is a purple; and that of 1s. is a green impression. Both of the latter impressions are of an octagonal shape.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1856.

SOME SOCIAL EVILS.

In every community there are two great classes of evils,—those which belong to its form of government, and those which are independent of it. For instance, here in England we have both kinds in high perfection. Of the first kind is the prevalence of routine, incapacity, and feeble administration; of the second, are drunkenness and wife-beating. Of the second, also, are railway mismanagement, and those new forms of crime now becoming conspicuous—such as poisoning to defraud insurance companies, and the adulteration of food. There are some things no Government can do—not the most powerful despotism. The Sultan could not put down coffee-drinking; the Chinese Emperor could not suppress the Chinese custom of disfiguring women’s feet. It is worth the while of a journalist to inquire occasionally what his Government can achieve, and what his countrymen must achieve for themselves. We propose to look into some social evils on this occasion, with an eye to determining what an Act of Parliament might do to crush them, and what Englishmen must try to manage in the same way, without that aid.

No country in Europe possesses so much personal freedom as England. To get political power in England is not easy; but if you want to make money, or to start a company, the coast is clear enough; the obstacles are only the inevitable ones. You must have, of course, more activity, more self-denial, than your neighbours, to do these things on a large scale. But such qualities you would equally require, let the form of government be what it might. An Irishman who starves in Ireland because he is naturally lazy, remains a porter in America for the same reason. Give artificial aid to a man who fiddles himself with beer, and you only enable him to fiddle himself with wine; but let a Briton be active enough—an early bird, a sharp hand, &c., &c.—and “laws and kings” do not very much meddle with him. It is just the country (next after America) for extraordinary rises in the world. Everywhere you meet fellows opulent, bald, fat, and sleek (old gentlemen with heavy gold seals resting gracefully on an ungraceful protuberance below the waistcoat), whose origin and beginnings are scarcely known to their bosom friends. They begin with a wheelbarrow and end with a carriage. Early in life they are hawking buttons about villages on a tray; late in life they are talking dubious English in the House of Commons. It is the greatest blessing of England that such histories are possible. Our governors deal with such men as SULLY advised HENRI QUATRE to deal with his merchants. “Leave them alone,” was that Minister’s counsel, when the King wanted to know what he could do for them. It has its invaluable good side, this system of ours, and it has also its unquestionably bad one. Everybody hates meddling, no doubt, but we have a crop of disadvantages to set on the other side. We leave everything to individual energy, and naturally expect everything from it; yet we find that there are some things which it cannot do for us. Nor is there one department of life—from conducting a war, downwards—where this truth is not felt.

We cannot have a better instance to begin with than is supplied by the railways, and, among the railways, by the Eastern Counties. Here was a railway long fostered by the model Englishman of the epoch, GEORGE HUDSON, Esq. He and it—between them—embodied all our leading ideas—daring, energy, rapidity, private enterprise, money-making, publicity, and those outward signs of ostentation and display, which we demand from a successful man or institution as we demand glitter from gold. And now we see the fruits of it all. The railway is unsafe—the bridges are rotten. How are we to get to the east? How are our turkeys to come from Norfolk? “Stop the line,” you say; but the Government has no power to do this, for it is a free country; and if a gentleman undertakes to carry you to Norwich, and kills you en route at the Pleb-Biddlecumb viaduct, you (per your surviving relatives) may bring your action. That indeed is a great comfort; your widow will get damages, and lay in a little nest-egg for Captain Higg, her second husband.

This sort of unbounded reliance on “private enterprise,” “individual energy,” and all the rest of it, springs from a philosophy which is not so profound as it looks. Its disciples argue that it is the interest of a railway company to make their line good, and that a Government cannot do anything so well as private men acting for their personal interest will do it. Is not man (they ask) a selfish animal? Can your engineer possibly have a motive but to get the “greatest-possible-pleasurable-emotion” out of life, and will he succeed if he is not a good engineer? Such is the regular Benthamite doctrine.

How this doctrine can be reconciled with the Gospel is a question of great difficulty, but not one which we presume to treat. We only say that it cannot be proved to be a practically successful one for the public benefit when it is acted on. Your railway manager may take quite a different view of what you call his “interest.” He may be a bold and adventurous philosopher of your school, proud of his superior brains, inclined to high projects, contemptuous of petty details—the Pleb-Biddlecumb viaduct for one. Some men prefer beer, some billiards, nearly all love, to what everybody sees to be their “interest.” ANNABEL, old SNOGG the philosopher’s daughter, shamefully belies her parent’s doctrine by marrying a young fellow without a sixpence. The English public prefer thrashing the OZAR to having cheap bread and cheap sugar. In fact, your kitchen philosophy won’t hold water when it is tested by facts. And we firmly believe that preaching it has lowered the public morals; and it is on the public morals that it depends, whether HUDSONS are worshipped, PAULS fraudulent, MILLERS dishonest. Our social evils are affairs to be met, many of them, on this ground. We must expect men to act from duty as well as interest. We must mend our private lives, before we expect to see pure public life.

The government can only deal with results, and as government is

not free itself from corruption, we need not hold it up as an universal purifier. To clarify the Thames water you must have a clean sponge for your filter. But still, a government can in such matters as railway mismanagement do something. A good government could do everything. No one recommends sudden changes in matters long settled and rooted in the public character; and we confess that, much as we advocate (for example) Education, we should be sorry to see policeman A 40 carrying off a troop of lads to be taught grammar. We would not, on the same grounds, advocate uncontrolled government power over railways. But we do think that jealousy in such matters has been carried too far; and that when things of national concern, like railways, get into such a state as the Eastern Counties, it is high time to fall back on government at last. We assuredly advocate giving government a power of temporarily suspending the traffic of a dangerous line. Let us have more government in many things, rather than less. Public opinion will always check it, if it goes too far. Want of strong government has been the curse of this country this long time past; and now that we are at war, we feel the consequences, both at home and abroad. At the same time, while some of the results of bad private conduct are fairly subjects for government handling, some of the causes lie deeper than our government (not being a theocracy) can reach. Leave the railway—take the adulteration abuses instead, and the distinction in the cases becomes very apparent. A government should have power to punish the man who adulterates; the crime itself must be attacked, from deeper grounds, by the pastor and the moralist, by the public cry of indignation and disgust, which (now that the pillory is gone) is the most effective check on scoundrels. It is as well to remember, that we are now paying in the terror we feel on the Eastern Counties, for the base worship of HUDSON, a few years ago. All is part of a system. But we shall never improve in the matter of railways, adulteration, and the rest of it, if we do not try and overhaul the philosophy of these matters occasionally. The greediness of an insurance company is the temptation, nay, the best chance, of a poisoner. We have left ourselves no space to illustrate this last case just now; but the reader can do something for himself towards it, by applying our previous observations.

“WHAT NEXT? AND NEXT?”

Is the not very happy title of a new peace pamphlet, by Mr. Cobden, published at what, for a few pages (the production of so enthusiastic an advocate of cheapness in literature), is the rather high price of one shilling. It is a piece which recommends itself to perusal by a calmness of tone, evidently the result of a praiseworthy effort, on the writer’s part, to keep his temper, and by some not uninteresting details respecting Russia and the Russians, gleaned from personal observation as well as from books. The thesis maintained is, that it is impossible for the Allies to coerce Russia into what they deem “a safe and honourable peace”; and this is developed by a review of the various sources of impregnability, which, in Mr. Cobden’s belief, render the “humiliation” of Russia chimerical. Granted that the Allies conquer the Crimea, says Mr. Cobden; granted that they drive the Russians out of Georgia, the heart of Russia is still untouched. But the Baltic and Constantinople? St. Petersburg, he replies, is safe, because the invading army would be cut off by the frost from all communication with its ships during six months of the year. Destroy Russian trade and ruin her finances? Russia, he rejoins, by her protectionist policy, has accustomed her population to be contented with the products of her own vast territory; her exports and imports are trifling; and as to her finances, independent as she is of foreign trade, she may manage to carry on the war for several years on the basis of a Government paper-currency, even though it be signally depreciated. Then, as regards the Allies, their prospects and position, according to the pamphleteer, are little short of desperate. When Napoleon invaded Russia, he rested upon Germany, and drew his supplies from the territory invaded. The campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington were made on neutral or friendly ground, with a secure basis of operations on the Continent itself. The continuous expenditure necessary to carry on a war conducted like the present, will ruin the resources of England, repeal or suspend the currency-laws, and ruin our industrialism. Therefore, says Mr. Cobden, withdraw your fleets and armies from the sphere of their operations. Don’t insist upon a treaty of peace with Russia. Leave the “independence and integrity of Turkey” to be protected by Austria (!), assisted by Germany. It is foolish to demand the humiliation of Russia’s naval power; for she can never be strong at sea. But, under the pretence of limiting her fleet, do you, France and England, take the opportunity of agreeing to reduce your own naval armaments, the magnitude of which is beginning to excite the apprehensions of the Yankees! Mr. Cobden, in his zeal to show what is impracticable, has, unluckily, overlooked what is practicable. Whether Russia consents or not to sign upon paper a treaty of peace, the Western Powers and Austria can carry out the proposals of which Count Esterhazy has been the bearer to St. Petersburg. They demand that the naval flag of Russia shall never re-appear in the Black Sea; Mr. Cobden will not pretend that they are unable to hold the Euxine as they might an uninhabited country. Sebastopol has fallen; Eupatoria and Kertch, Kinburn and Kamiesch, are occupied by the Allies; the Russians have been driven from their forts on the Asiatic coast of the Euxine; and whether the Emperor Alexander assents or not, the Allies can enforce the second of their proposals at St. Petersburg—namely, that Russia shall cease to possess strongholds, for purposes of aggression, within the circuit of the Euxine. The other demand made at St. Petersburg—the liberation of the mouths of the Danube—is one in which Austria and Germany are interested. In obtaining it, we can reckon upon their aid; and even were it not so, the forces which took Sebastopol will not be baffled by a strip of land in Bessarabia. It is incredible, in spite of all Mr. Cobden’s logic, that the Emperor Alexander will determine to wage perpetual war rather than formally waive all claims to positions from which his arms can never drive the Allies.

LITERATURE DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDU.

EVEN under the present despotic régime, “they manage these things better in France.” Had Mr. John Forster, the editor of the “Examiner” been a Frenchman—had he been the distinguished biographer of a French Goldsmith—had he illustrated some period of French history, equal in importance to that of our own “great rebellion”—had he conducted, with ability and discretion, a government journal, he would have been rewarded, when it was decided to reward him, with some more suitable state employment than the secretaryship to a lunacy commission, and the duty of balancing the pros and cons of disputed insanity. In Paris there are many public libraries, and not, as in London, only one, (the British Museum) where the ennobled and social position of their “conservators” make the librarianships very suitable posts with which to reward or encourage distinguished or promising literary talent. The historical archives of the kingdom (without costing, as in the case of our Record Commission, a million sterling) are entrusted to the congenial care of men of reputation for historical talent and research, and in the time of Louis Philippe, they were presided over by historians like Michelet and Mignet. Of course, under the present régime, it is only to literary men of a certain way of thinking that the patronage of the state is extended; but even during the last year we have seen M. St. Beuve promoted, not to chronicle the sayings and doings of lunatics, but to discourse on the glories of French literature, to crowded and brilliant audiences at the Collège de France. The ministry of Guizot, however, was the palmy period of state patronage of French literature. It was not that pensions were flung here and there to an author, but great literary schemes, historical, social, topographical, were undertaken and fostered, which bestowed upon literary men honourable employment, and produced works useful to the nation, which would never have been undertaken by private enterprise. The only literature for the production of which the British people pays consists of the Parliamentary Blue Books—*rolls indigestibles moles*—which drive the “anxious inquirer” to despair.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

COUNT OF PLANDERS arrived at Windsor on Monday, on a visit to her
 THE BISHOP OF LONDON, WILLIAMS, of the 1st of December, announce his
 ARRANGEMENTS have been made at Christiania for receiving Greenwich time
 THE ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN has issued a circular, establishing, in virtue of
 LORD LUCAN intends publishing a statement, giving a history of the English
 LORD STANLEY is at present on a visit to Mr. Disraeli, at Hughenden Manor.
 MR. BRAMWELL, Q.C., has been nominated Baron Parke's successor, as
 A MEDAL, it is said, is being struck at the French Mint, in honour of the
 MR. ARGENT'S STAFFORD, M.P., has arrived from the Crimea at his seat,
 THE REPRESENTATIVES OF ENGLAND at the Military Council to be held at
 THE AUDITORS OF THE COUNTY OF DURHAM state that the late prosecu-
 GENERAL WILLIAMS is a native of the Isle of Thanet, where his father was
 MR. HENRY MAYHEW, author of "London Labour and London Poor," is now
 THE KING OF SARINIA, previously to his leaving Windsor, is said to have
 THE PRINCE OF HOLY ISLAND, familiar to the readers of "Marmion" as
 THE EMIGRATION COMMISSIONERS have advertised for a vessel to proceed to
 MESSRS. HEYWOOD, the Liverpool Bankers, have given the handsome sum of
 LAST WEEK, presented with the freedom of Glasgow, in the
 REAR-ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL SEMOUR, K.C.B., late second in command
 MR. LAYARD has, it is said, another work on Assyrian Antiquities in the press
 THE QUANTITY OF FISH, chiefly sprats, now in the Solent, is large beyond
 MR. DRUMMOND, M.P.'s recent speech, at Guildford, has found insertion in
 SERIOUS DIFFICULTIES have broken out at Meera, and in different parts of
 A GENTLEMAN who was summoned to attend the inquest on the body of Mr.
 THE QUEEN has appointed the Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, C.B., now
 EARL GREY, LORD RAVENSWORTH, THE HON. H. S. LIDDELL, M.P., &c.,
 AT REVEL AND RIGA the inhabitants expect that an Anglo-French army will
 THE CUSTOMS' REVENUE for the port of Glasgow, for the year 1855, amounts
 THE KING OF BAVARIA is going to send a confidential agent to St. Peters-
 MARSHAL FLEISSNER does not leave the Crimea for the grand Council of
 A MR. IGNATIUS MEYER has caused several trials of gold-washing to be
 BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD has left Paris for Madrid, to support the pre-
 THE PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC is about to withdraw his re-
 ALEXANDRE DUMAS' new play of "Orestes" was brought out last week at
 VISCOUNT SOMERTON, eldest son of the Earl of Normanton, it is reported, is
 A NEW CHURCH is now in course of construction at Bagnères-de-Bigorre
 THE DUC D'ANJALE arrived at Turin on the 1st inst., intending to leave that
 GENERAL CORDINGTON, by recent accounts, was somewhat unwell, with
 THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, according to rumour, intends placing himself at
 THE GARRISON at KINBURN, although shut up completely from the land
 AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, on Tuesday last, the Grand Jury re-
 NAVIGATION has been resumed in the Baltic, owing to the present mildness
 THE NIGHTINGALE SUBSCRIPTION, it is whispered, does not proceed so ra-
 THE TOTAL AMOUNT received by the French Minister of War for the Crimean
 THE FIRST RAILWAY IN NEW SOUTH WALES was opened from Sydney to
 THE VILLAGE DISTRICTS IN GREECE are stated to be overrun with organised
 THE DUKE DE CALABRE, Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies, born on January
 THE CONVICT ABRAHAM BAKER underwent the extreme penalty of the law
 SIR C. CAMPBELL was engaged with military friends and near relatives all
 JENNY LIND, having learned that the musical pupils of the Blind Asylum at
 SIR CHARLES NAPIER has just published a letter, vindicating the navy from

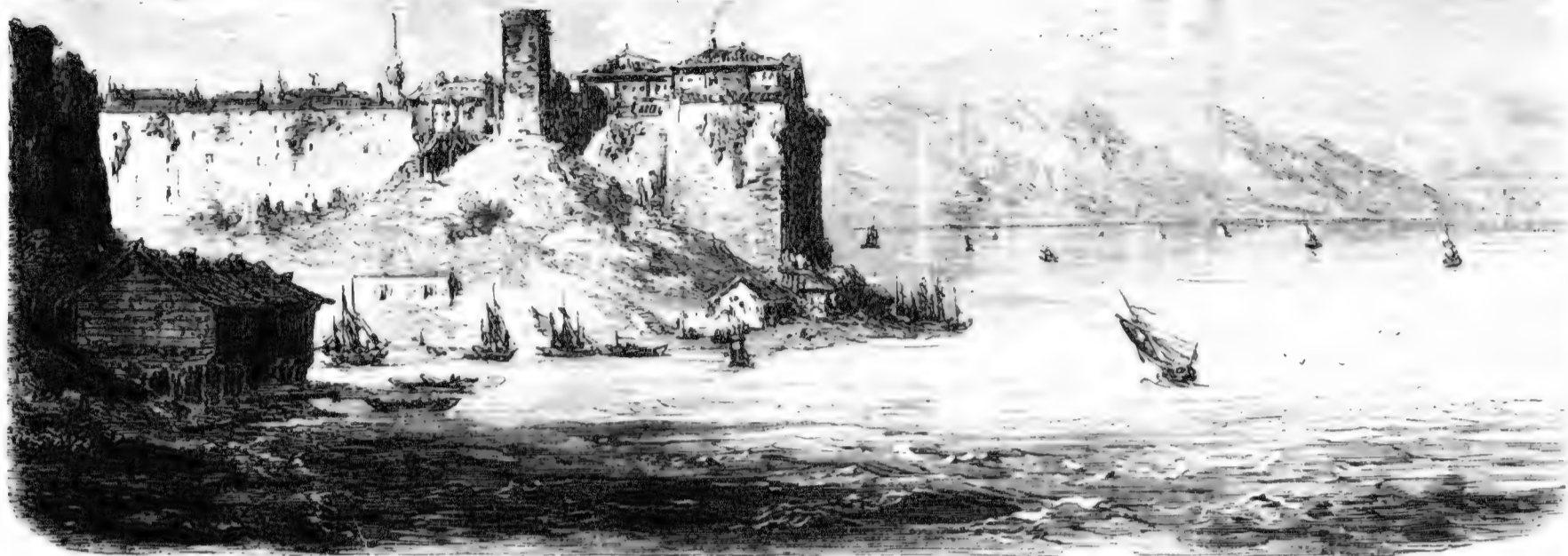
THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE appointment of Mr. Bramwell to the judgeship vacant by the re-
 resignation of Mr. Baron Parke, will be received with favour, not only
 throughout the legal profession, but in all circles where talent, in-
 tegrity, and upright conduct are duly and properly esteemed. Without
 being a great orator, and possessing neither the winning eloquence nor
 the convincing force of many of his brethren, Mr. Bramwell is per-
 haps as sound a lawyer, as clear-headed a logician, and as practical a
 man of business, as is to be found at the bar. He is an active and en-
 ergy law-reformer, not merely theoretically but practically, having given
 much of his time to the study of the question, and having visited the
 United States for the purpose of observing the actual working of one or
 two pet theories of his own. Mr. Bramwell is in the full vigour of phys-
 ical and intellectual manhood, being about forty-five years old, and of a
 strong, robust constitution. In the course of his career, and in the case of Mr. Jus-
 tice Willes, Lord Cranworth, &c., he has shown his capacity to advance at once the
 interests of his profession and of the public at large.
 Two or three sittings of the Metropolitan Board of Works have been
 held, the reports of which do not read satisfactorily. There seems to be a
 passion for discussion of the most childish and trivial nature among the mem-
 bers. Questions arise as to whether there shall be one or two seeds for the
 official documents, and what arms and motives they shall bear, interchanges
 of personal jokes are bandied between the members of the Board, with fac-
 tious suggestions that a room for their meetings should be engaged either
 at the Marylebone Court House or on Plumstead Common, &c., &c. This may be
 all very well in the private scenes of the sherry-drinking, sandwich-
 eating members of the Anglo-Bengalee or any similarly constituted Life
 Insurance Office; but the members of this Board of Works should recollect
 that they have been selected on account of what was imagined to be their
 fitness for the appointment; that reporters for the press have down
 each word as it is uttered; and that nothing will shake public confidence
 sooner than seeing the parenthetical "laughter," appended to the end of
 each gentleman's speech. The salary for the secretary has been settled at
 £800 a year, and candidates for the office are to be invited by means of
 public advertisement. Should this be a *bona fide* transaction, and should
 the Board decide upon the gentleman whose character and testimonials
 show him to be best qualified for the office, it is the right way of proceed-
 ing, as there are many good men in the service of the Government and of
 public companies who would fill the situation admirably; but too often
 these advertisements are put forth in accordance with the formal resolu-
 tion, while all the time the persons in whose gift the situation lies have
 determined upon their man. I cannot envy the gentleman selected, the
 life he will lead for the next few years. He will have to serve many masters,
 to organise his staff and manner of proceeding; and he will be brought
 into contact with self-made, obstinate men, of wondrous power and authority
 in their own parishes, full of suggestions, and impatient of remonstrance
 or advice. Let anyone read the sessions of the Parish Parliaments, so
 faithfully chronicled in the "Observer," and they will then see the state of
 men who will lord it over the Secretary to the Metropolitan Board of
 Works.
 The old proverb relative to the bestowal of a bad name upon a dog, is
 exemplified in the case of Palmer, the person accused of the Rugeley poi-
 soning. Deeds are now charged to him, the commission of which would
 place him higher than Borgin, Ruggieri, or any of the famous poisoners,
 in the annals of crime. The wonderful stories that have now come to
 light about this person are as numerous as they are ridiculous. No person
 seen in his company can be recollected by the reporters of the country
 papers as having died a natural death; but not content with alluding to
 many minor personages, such as "gentlemen connected with the turf," a
 "friend of Palmer's," implicated in betting transactions," &c., &c., there has
 been an endeavour to show that Palmer was an acquaintance of Lord Geo.
 Bentinck, and a hint has been dropped that perhaps the sudden death of
 that nobleman was attributable to the machinations of the Rugeley poisoner.
 The feudal times are reviving, and their Graces of Northumberland and
 Argyll are the leaders of the van. At a time when it is most important
 that a good understanding should exist between all classes of people, and
 when the shortcomings of the various orders should be looked upon even
 with a more lenient eye than usual, these Noble Dukes have brought their
 brilliant brains to bear upon two different schemes which will redound
 to their eternal credit. The Duke of Argyll, through his agent, has
 issued a notice to his tenants in the island of Tiree, that "no tenant,
 paying under £30 of rent, is to be allowed to use whiskey or any spirits
 at weddings, balls, funerals, or any other gatherings; and all offenders
 against the terms of this notice will be dispossessed of their lands at
 the next term." Now, is not this too much? Suppose, Sir, that my
 landlord were to tell me that I was to drink no spirits at any festive
 gatherings in my house, should I obey him? No, certainly not! In the
 first place, he would not dare to do it, rents having fallen lately in
 my quarter; and, in the second place, he would not like to do it, being
 above such narrow-minded, short-sighted Scotch prejudice. Besides, what
 is to be done with the tenants paying more than £30 rent? The barber in
 "Nickelby" won't shave the coal-heaver, explaining that the line must
 be drawn somewhere, "and we draw it at bakers." The Duke of Argyll
 fixes upon the payment of a rental of £30 a year as the sign of a man's
 respectability and temperance! Oh, McCullum More! oh, great Gaelic
 chief, about whom and whose ancestors so many dreary, jaw-breaking, nasal
 Scotch songs have been composed, to what depths are you now fallen! The
 Duke of Northumberland is as bad; all his tenants must farm after his
 (the Duke's) own particular fashion, must not break up grass land, must
 manure at such a time, &c., &c., under penalties varying from £50 to £5
 per acre.
 Theatrical circles are still interested in the refusal of Mr. E. T. Smith,
 the lessee of Drury Lane, to allow Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Bosby,
 and Mrs. Frank Mathews, to act at Windsor Castle. By some persons
 it was imagined that, under the patent by which the theatre is held ("Her
 Majesty's servants" is the grand title adopted for their company by the
 lessees), the Queen has the power of commanding any actor, attached to
 the establishment, to appear when and where she likes, and it was thought
 that the power of the law would be brought into force. Be the virtue of
 the patent what it may, I feel confident that legal measures would never be
 resorted to; they would be much below the dignity of Majesty, and no
 adequate result could be obtained. Mr. Smith, has, I fear, lost every
 chance of ever obtaining Royal patronage, which is to be regretted, for,
 looking at his company, and the way in which the theatre is now managed,
 there is no better place of entertainment in the metropolis. He is, how-
 ever, to be admired for the boldness he has shown, and his disregard of
 pecuniary consequences when he imagined himself to be in the right.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"RACHEL GRAY."—"THE EMPEROR'S VIGIL."—"THE IDLER." &c.
 MISS KAVANAGH, in her Preface to "Rachel Gray," states that the tale
 is founded on fact—that its truth is its chief merit, and that, as the
 author, she claims no other share in it than that of telling it to the best
 of her power. Even that credit she will not get, for she does not de-
 serve it. Her power is much greater; she possesses much more strength
 and talent than she has put forth in "Rachel Gray." Remembering
 "Nathalie" and its strong description and Jane Eyre-like situations, I
 know no person so well able to succeed to Charlotte Brontë's throne
 as Julia Kavanagh. She has the faculty of strong, nervous, energetic
 writing—of pouring forth words which appeal to the heart; and her last work
 is a tame, humdrum, milk-and-water, *unintentional* story, only fitted to fill
 the post of honour in the "Leisure Hour." The heroine is one of those
 dreadfully resigned persons, who are being perpetually injured, and calmed,
 and put upon in every conceivable manner, and who invariably find con-
 solation in a quotation. The dialogue put into the mouths of many of the
 characters (for the action takes place among the humbler classes) is forced,
 and not such language as is used among the persons intended to be repre-
 sented—"La! bless you!" being the staple expression—and some of

the tropes and metaphors are of the oldest and saddest. Here is one, for
 example, "For her heart remained as a barren and arid soil on which
 the sweet flower of love could never bloom!" Of story there is none—
 of interest there is none—of good writing there is very little; Miss
 Kavanagh must recur to her old style, if she wishes to retain her good
 name.
 Mr. Ernest Jones, tempted by the success of his first little volume of
 poetry, has published another, apparently the results of his war inspira-
 tions, and his disgust at the employment of the Foreign Legion. The
 second attempt is decidedly unequal to the first, never rising above the
 "pretty," and sometimes falling short even of that standard of excellence.
 Here is a specimen of the best of it, called the "Baltic Fleet":—
 "He would not let them rest
 On the waters of the West,
 Where they slumbered in their bays—those sons of England's might—
 With their great white shadowy shrouds
 Folded calm as brooding clouds,
 Dreaming of old victories in the drowsy summer-light.
 "He would not let them rest,
 Those war-ships of the West,
 The Car of ailen Muscovy in drunkenness of pride;
 And they gather now and thence,
 To be hurled and strong,
 Like a heavy parent floating for a pastime on the tide.
 "They toy and they play
 With the waters on their way;
 They tack and they veer, as if in sport upon the sea;
 But evermore they wait,
 In those furtive creamy-white,
 Our messages of ruin to thine empire and to thee.
 "The gentle ocean laughed
 To the countless pleasure-craft,
 That with music and with joyousness came dancing in delight;
 And, as though 'twere a carcase,
 Round the mighty ships they press,
 As you cheer a gallant charger ere it rushes to the fight."
 The "Idler," the first number of which lies before me, can scarcely be
 called a magazine, in the common acceptance of the word. Its aim ap-
 pears not to amuse, but to terrify—to make itself, not liked, but feared.
 With the exception of the opening chapters of a new story, called "Bagot's
 Youth," by Mr. Hannay; a biography of the great Lord Chesterfield; an
 historical account of the city of Rochester; and a sketch, "The Mad
 Painter," there is no paper in this publication which one could take up
 without being astonished at the satire so vehemently poured forth upon
 the subjects treated of by the writers.
 THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.
 I PROMISED you a notice of the Olympic burlesque. I give you the
 best criterion of its success: I have been twice to see it, and on both occa-
 sions have been unable to procure a seat. Even for you, with all your
 authority, I won't pass my evening with my nose flattened against a small
 piece of glass in a box door. So you must wait until next week.
 I have again seen the Princess's pantomime. The trick of cutting off
 the clown's head, and the descent of the ballet girls as parachutes, are the
 very things for the little boys. The scenery is brilliant, too, and the
 dogs admirably trained; it is, in fact, the pantomime for Paterfamilias.
 An account of Miss Emma Stanley's entertainment will be found on
 page 29.
 SPECIFIC OBJECTS OF THE PROPOSED COUNCIL OF WAR AT
 PARIS.
 THE assemblage in question meets solely to impart and to gain the ut-
 most possible information, to throw the utmost possible light on the state
 of things at the seat of war, to acquire and to store up the utmost possible
 quantity of materials for a judgment of what may be needed for its conduct,
 and to lay before the Government by which it is delegated the results
 of the combined labour of its members. On the knowledge thus ob-
 tained the Governments will decide, and when the time for action arrives,
 will act. It is satisfactory to know that England is well represented in
 this Council—that the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Richard Airey, Sir Harry
 Jones, Admirals Dundas and Sir Edmund Lyons, bring together the
 greatest amount of courage, skill, and experience that could be supplied
 to the important business on which they will be engaged. We repeat
 once more, that no decision as to what is to be done comes within this
 business. It is purely and solely to furnish information to their Govern-
 ments that this Council is convened.—*Post*.
 ROGERS AND CAMPBELL.—An anecdote, containing a pleasant commentary on
 the latter sayings of Rogers, is told us by a friend. "I was in company," says our
 informant, "with the late Thomas Campbell, the poet, when some one made a
 remark on Roger's habit of saying ill-natured things. Campbell, in the high
 tone of voice he sometimes spoke in, said, 'There is a way of preventing Rogers
 saying ill-natured things, either to you, or about you.' 'Indeed!' was the some-
 what incredulous reply; 'pray how is that to be managed?' 'Why,' said
 Campbell, 'just borrow money of him, and you will never hear an ill-natured
 word till it is repaid.'—*Athenaeum*.
 THE HERO OF THE REDAN AND HIS NATIVE COUNTY.—In a letter, dated
 Southampton, Nov. 12, 1855, addressed by the brave General Windham to the
 magistrates of Norfolk, he says:—"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt
 of the congratulatory address of the magistrates of the county of Norfolk, and
 I hasten to thank them for an honour as unexpected as it is unequalled. There
 were many at the Redan who did their duty as well as I did; few that had such
 providential protection; none that had such reward. I beg through you to com-
 municate to the magistrates of my native county my heartfelt thanks for their
 address, which I shall hand down to my children with pride and satisfaction;
 and I only regret that many are now in their graves in Norfolk who would equally
 thank them for their kind and affectionate congratulations."
 AN IMPERIAL CHRISTMAS-BOX.—The Emperor Napoleon has sent over to the
 Queen a very pretty and very precious Christmas gift. It is in the form of a
 lady's album; and the substance of it is an artistic memorial of her Majesty's
 visit to Paris. The drawings are in water-colour, by the most renowned French
 masters. "The Queen at Boulogne" is by M. Morel Fatio, and the departure
 from that port by M. Mosin. M. Chavet contributes two illustrations to the
 Royal album, "The Ball at Versailles" and "The Imperial Supper." "The
 Queen's Arrival in Paris" is drawn by M. Guérard. M. Eugène Lami illustrates
 "The Arrival at St. Cloud." A few other drawings are by artists less known in
 England. The case which contains these treasures is got up in the most exqui-
 site style, and with all the richness of ornamentation for which French design is
 so renowned. The book, we believe, was produced for the Emperor at a cost of
 1,000 guineas.
 A RECIPE FOR MAKING YEAST.—On Monday morning boil 2oz. of
 the best hops in four quarts of water for half-an-hour; strain it, and let
 the liquor cool down to new milk warmth; then put in a small handful
 of salt and half-a-pound of brown sugar; beat up one pound of the best
 flour with some of the liquor, and then mix all well together. On Wed-
 nesday add three pounds of potatoes boiled and then mashed, to stand
 till Thursday, then strain it, and put it into bottles, and it is ready for
 use. N.B.—It must be stirred frequently while it is making, and kept
 near the fire. Before using shake the bottle well up. It will keep in a
 cool place for two months, and is best at the latter part of the time. The
 beauty of this yeast, so made, is that it ferments spontaneously, not re-
 quiring the aid of other yeast; and, if care be taken to let it ferment well
 in the earthen bowl in which it is made, you may cork it up tight when
 bottled. This quantity will fill four seltzer-water bottles.
 AMASERAH.
 EVERY town and village in the vicinity of the scene of the present war
 assumes an interest and an importance which they otherwise would not
 possess. Such is the case with the otherwise insignificant town of Ama-
 serah, Amaserah, or Amastra—for it is more or less distinctly known by
 all these names. It is situated on the southern coast of the Black Sea,
 and seen by the passenger on board the steamers which ply between Con-
 stantinople and Sinope. As the accompanying engraving of Amaserah
 is evidently sketched by the artist while on board one of those steamers,
 it will be interesting for the reader to know what was actually taking
 place in the very steamer, perhaps, from the deck of which Amaserah,
 Sinope, Trebizond, and all the towns and villages of importance lying
 between these places, were seen and sketched. The following passage
 describes the state of matters in the steam-ship *Leir*, a vessel well-known



AMASERAH, ON THE BLACK SEA.—(SKETCHED BY DR. BORDONE.)

on the shores of the Black Sea, and the time when the events took place is as recent as January, 1854:

"From Trebizond, Samsoon, Sinope, and along the shores of the Black Sea, from 12,000 to 16,000 poor labourers annually emigrate to Constantinople, where they are distinguished for their honesty and hard-working disposition. Some of these are fortunate enough to amass a little sum of money, with which, like the individuals above, they return to their friends, who receive them with that respect which great travellers, and particularly travelled capitalists, generally inspire.

"The great man on board was a Pacha, who, with a large suite and his harem, and an amazing number of boxes, trunks, and small packages belonging to the latter, was proceeding to Trebizond.

"The whole of the ladies' cabin had been engaged by the Pacha for his harem, where its members were safe under lock and key. Until we entered the Euxine, the ladies, however, remained on deck, where a partition had been nailed off for their sole occupancy, and an extempore divan prepared for their reception. The harem was composed of some fifteen women with their elderly attendants, and black women slaves. Three or four of the faces were most beautiful, lighted up by long-lashed oriental eyes, and with the bracing air of Circassia still blooming on their cheeks. They conversed but little among themselves, a fact worthy of remark, and seemed absorbed in thinking about nothing in particular. In this placid and agreeable occupation, they were distanced by their elderly female attendants, who were sleeping quietly with their heads between their knees. The only individuals of the whole party who gave any animated signs of life were the negro women, who, with the loquacity

peculiar to their race and their sex, were chattering away, and perpetually running from the deck to the cabin, without any particular object or result attending their excursions. Their spare time was employed in cutting the heads, or pulling on the socks and shoes of the juvenile progeny of the Pacha, who were madly scampering about the deck in spite of entreaties from their inclosed mammas. These happy children, full of fun and childish frolic, were playing and tumbling together, with such active glee, and such shouts of laughter, that I could not but reflect, and wonder how so joyous and noisy a youth could ever be transformed into the calm and dignified bearing of the grown-up Mussulman."

Amaserah, as our engraving represents, is situated on a rocky peninsula, and distant from Erekl, a town of some importance on the coast, about sixty miles in a north-easterly direction. Its population numbers somewhere about eight hundred inhabitants. It has a bay of some considerable magnitude and importance on its east side, where vessels anchor in three or four fathoms of water. There is a considerable trade in timber carried on by the merchants of the place, and the antiquarian visitor feels an interest in surveying the remains of the Temple of Neptune, with ruins of a later date. Otherwise, there is little of any special interest to attract the attention of strangers.

THE DONALD M'KAY.

This celebrated clipper, Captain Warner, commander, arrived at Liverpool on the 25th of last month, from Melbourne, with no less than

104,000 ounces of gold on board, which, after going through the form of being deposited in the Bank cellars, was eventually transmitted to the Bank of France. The *Donald M'Kay* was built at Liverpool for the Black Ball line of Liverpool and Australian packets, and named after her scientific designer. She is 2,588 tons register, 266 feet in length between perpendiculars, heavily sparred, and spreads nearly 17,000 yards of canvas, or about 27 per cent. more than the famous *Great Republic*, and is therefore the largest sailing merchant-ship in the world. Of all the ships built by Mr. M'Kay, and many of them are unsurpassed for speed and beauty, this, to our eye, excels them all. She has the airy beauty of a clipper, combined with the stately outline of a man-of-war; and her fine lines, great length, and stability, indicate that she will prove an excellent sea-bout. The *Donald M'Kay* has Howe's rig, which differs from the common rig by having double topsail yards. The lower topsail yard is trussed to the topmast cap, and is the size of the close-reefed sail of the old rig. The upper topsail sets upon the mast above the cap, and has its foot laced to a jackstay upon the top of the yard below, so that no wind can escape between the two sails. Such an arrangement in squally weather is invaluable, for sail can be carried to the last moment, and then reduced or reset without a man leaving the deck. A ship with this rig is more seaworthy, because she may always be considered as under close-reefed topsails, and may be worked with fewer hands than a vessel of the same size having the old rig. It looks rather clumsy in port, and this, we believe, is the principal objection urged against it by those who do not comprehend its advantages at sea. Ships, however, are rigged for service at sea, and not for show in port. That, therefore, which is the most serviceable, is certainly the best.



THE "DONALD M'KAY," MONSTER CLIPPER, OF THE BLACK BALL LINE OF PACKETS.

THE DRAWING ROOM OF ROGERS'S HOUSE, IN ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

A FORTNIGHT since, we published a view of the Library of Rogers the Poet, and gave a description of his house in St. James's Place. We this week engrave the mantel-piece in the Drawing Room, sculptured by Flaxman. Of the multitudinous treasures of this apartment, a writer in the "Athenæum" furnishes the following description:—

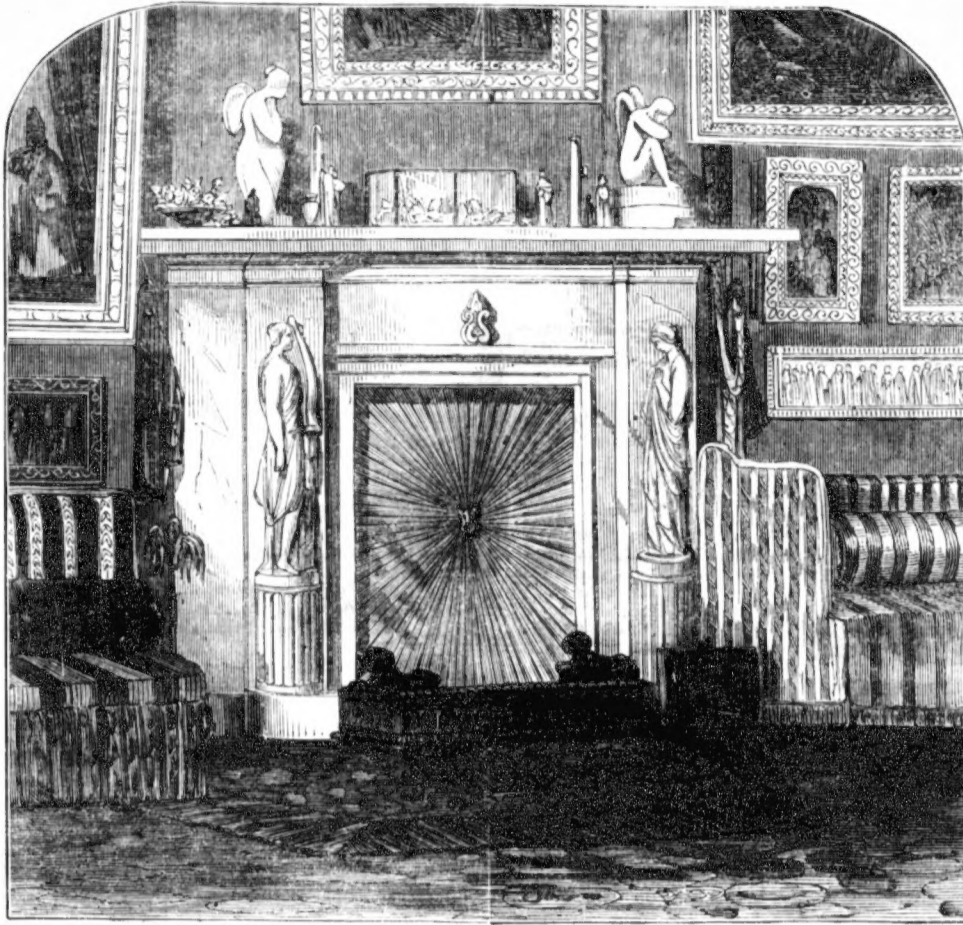
"Over the fire-place is the study by Rubens from Andrea Mantegna's triumphal procession of Julius Caesar, now at Hampton Court. It is, as Dr. Waagen observes, a free copy. Beneath this picture is a range of interesting miniatures and various relics, including orange blossoms under glass. The chief picture towards the window is the beautiful 'Noli me tangere,' by Titian. It is fortunately destined to pass to the National Gallery. Over the sofa, to show the universal taste of the collector, hang pictures by Watteau, Le Nain, and Jan van Eyck,—the latter a most exquisite seated figure of 'Madonna and Child,' surrounded by the richest ornamental architecture. Facing the window is a bold allegorical picture by Rembrandt, and a mellow moonlight scene by Rubens. Opposite the chimney-piece, a cabinet of light wood is panelled with pictures by Stothard. The subjects are the characters of Shakspeare, the Canterbury Pilgrims, the characters of the Decameron and the Sans-Souci. Within the cabinet, arranged in drawers, are specimens of Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan gold ornaments and jewellery, engraved gems, rare ancient and mediæval coins and graceful works in terra-cotta. In the centre of this side of the room is a fine picture by Annibal Carracci of the 'Coronation of the Virgin'; another repetition of this subject hangs to the right, but is very different in treatment; it is a small altarpiece by Lorenzo de' Credl. Near this, again, hangs the well-known 'Madonna and Child,' from the Orleans Gallery, attributed to Raphael, but certainly differing in feeling, form, and tone of colour from others of his known works of that period. An extraordinary *riposo*, by Correggio, remarkable for power of handling and incorrect drawing, is possibly one of his genuine early works. Examples of his infancy are indeed rare, and, to judge from this, they were herculean even in the cradle. The famous 'Puck,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, graces this room, and the collection possesses altogether seven excellent specimens of this English master. Beautiful statuettes of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and 'Cupid and Psyche' by Flaxman, can only be mentioned. Among the antiquities we may enumerate a beautiful antique bronze lampstand of a sitting female, and a few painted Greek vases, one displaying Hydriophoroi at the fountain Callierne, and another the Death of Troilus, both in the early style on red ground; a beautiful clyx, with figures of athletes in red upon a black ground; and an exquisitely preserved little vase, with thin neck, adorned with red figures upon a black ground, retaining gilding, and representing Venus and Cupid attended by Eunomia, Peitho, and three other females. Another vase representing the mysteries of Bacchus was found with a bronze *simpulum* within it, ornamented with two swans' heads. The vase is of the *hydria* form. These constitute only a portion of the choicest works of Art."

MISS EMMA STANLEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

WHEN I have gazed upon the redoubtable Mr. Maddox, with one hand on the small of his back and the other in his waistcoat pocket, standing at the door of the cigar shop in Oxford Street, and gracefully puffing his

smoke into the faces of passing pedestrians, I have often thought of the time when he ruled the roost at the establishment now devoted to Shakspeare and Jackson and Graham; and wondered what had become of the members of his company. Where is Wallack? now a manager himself, and, they say, thriving and prosperous, at New York. Ryder? still in the old house, having become Mr. Kean's lieutenant. Madame Thillon, that charming actress and vocalist? I know not; lost to London, and that applause which always awaited her! And it was only lately that I was wondering whether Miss Emma Stanley, the leading light *comédienne* of the establishment, the "Cleopatra" to Wright's "Antony," the heroine of "Ladies Beware!" "Ernestine," and the "Angel in the Attic," was alive, and if alive, in England; and if in England, why out of an engagement? when I saw by an announcement in the "Times" that she, being both alive and in London, had determined upon starting what, in the Mathews and Yates's day, used to be called a "monopolologue," entitled the "Seven Ages of Woman." With the fullest belief in Miss Stanley—and in her dramatic powers I have every confidence—I confess I read this announcement with feelings of regret. As a theatrical critic, I have to go through many dull evenings, to see lugubrious five act tragedies and mournful farces, and breathe an atmosphere of gas, and heat, and orange peel. The

such as is nightly enacted at every evening party in London. There is no strain after theatrical effect in this character; her every movement is natural, and her variety of intonation excellent. The idea is evidently borrowed from a similar scene in Albert Smith's "History of the Flirt," but it is well worked out here, and I mean no slur when I say that Miss Stanley's conception of the character is excellent. Next to Miss Flyrilla, I prefer Grandmother Gray, the "last scene of all," the make-up for which is marvellously true to nature, as is the walk and the half-absent manner. I would venture to protest against the asthmatic cough which is assumed by Miss Stanley in this character. To half the audience, the reflecting half, it is annoying; to the other half, it simply affords amusement, and raises a laugh at a time when the entertainer is producing a legitimate and serious effect. A British audience is the most senseless and unappreciative in the world. I have seen Mr. Keeley and Mr. Wright (the latter in a piece called the "Willow Cope," in which he was supposed to be starving) give as effective sentimental touches as I have ever witnessed, and, because these gentlemen are comic actors, the audience roared at their grief. After this, perhaps the "Monthly Nurse" is the next in truth to nature, though I fancied I traced a resemblance to Mrs. Keeley's well-known personation of Mrs. Gamp. It is, however, useless to particularise;



THE FLAXMAN MANTELPIECE IN ROGERS'S DRAWING-ROOM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



MISS EMMA STANLEY IN HER VARIOUS CHARACTERS

each character is sustained as it could only be by a first-rate histrionic artist. The changes of dress are more rapid than any I have ever seen; and the writing of the entertainment is good, without any intense and laborious straining after fun. The room in which the "Seven Ages of Woman" is given is large, lofty, and well suited for the purpose; and the stage is prettily fitted up.

It is a critic's pleasure (so ill-natured people say) to find fault; and I cannot take leave of Miss Stanley without giving two bits of advice. One is, that she should eschew that dreadful theatrical pronunciation of skye-ey, kyind, blee-u, &c., in which she now vastly indulges; the second, that she should re-dress the good-looking little boy who hands round the programmes, denuding him of his absurd Tyrolean hat and military dress, and investing him with the simple jacket and trousers of British boyhood.

THE LOUNGER.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Newton had no enjoyments which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy, he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials, and water-clocks, and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his 16th year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years, his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture, when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt." Love he heeded not; honour he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the Mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal for his reflecting telescope was to him the most precious of the metals. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than of all the ingots at the Mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. The bursting of a soap bubble, when pursuing his experiments on colour, gave him more concern than the loss of £20,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror. What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublimity pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits, he had his pocket picked of more than £3,000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied, "Too much." He was so far imposed upon that he paid £4,000 for an estate in Wiltshire worth only the half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity, and he declined the trouble. If ever he thought of money-making, it was only to pay his frugal buttry book, and buy putty for his lenses and oranges for his sister.

CHURCH MATTERS.—I see you are destroying the Scotch Church. I think we are a little more popular in England than we were. Before I form any opinion on Establishments, I should like to know the effects they produce on vegetables. Many of our clergy suppose that, if there was no Church of England, cucumbers and celery would not grow; that mustard and cress could not be raised. If Establishments are connected so much with the great laws of nature, this makes all the difference; but I cannot believe it. * * * My dear Lady Ashburton, on one day of the year, the Canons of St. Paul's divide a little money—an inadequate recompense for all the troubles and anxieties they undergo. This day is, unfortunately for me, that on which you have asked me (the 25th of March), when we all dine together, endeavouring to forget for a few moments, by the aid of meat and wine, the sorrows and persecutions of the Church. I am sure Lord Ashburton and yourself, and your son Francis, feel for us as you ought to do.—*Sydney Smith's Letters.*

A CLEVER DIPLOMATIST.—A certain M. le Coq was sent on a mission to Morocco, in order to recover indemnity for six Belgian vessels which had been plundered by the Moors. Fully persuaded that neither the Sultan nor his Ministers knew half so much about Belgium as we know of the moon, he resolved gradually to enlighten them on the subject before entering on the business of his negotiation. At Gibraltar, therefore, he purchased an immense map, which he caused to be brightly coloured, and on which Belgium appeared one of the largest kingdoms of the earth. France, Holland, and Germany, were almost entirely swallowed by the 'Royaume de Belgique' of M. le Coq. Having thus secured his country a favourable position, it was necessary to explain how it got there, and as an illustration he chose the recent case of Algiers, the only state in the world of which the Sultan or his Ministers had probably any real knowledge. So the fluent tongue of M. le Coq proceeded to tell the Sultan and his Vizier that a contemptible people called the Dutch had in former times assailed the renowned kingdom of Belgium, much in the same way as that pestilent race the French had recently attacked Algiers. In the end, however, they had met with the fate which would infallibly await the French, and had been driven like chaff before the wind by the true believers of Belgium, who had thus recently regained their country. The Sultan and his Court were so enchanted by M. le Coq's historical knowledge and excellent principles, that they at once resolved to comply with his request, and entertained every proper respect for the kingdom of Belgium for some time afterwards.—*History of Diplomacy.*

DID YOU SAY A QUAKER BABY? Impossible! there is no such thing; there never was; they are always broad-brimmed and in full quake. Well, all I can say is, I never saw one; and what is still more remarkable, I never met with one who had. Do you believe in it? Lady Morley does not. Have you heard the report that they are fed on drab-coloured pap? It must be this that gives them their beautiful complexion. I have a theory about them and bluecoat boys, which I will tell you some day.—*Life of Rev. Sydney Smith.*

MR. JOSEPH HAYDN'S PENSION.—Her Majesty the Queen has recently bestowed upon Mr. J. Haydn, the compiler of the "Dictionary of Dates," the small pension of £25 a year. A correspondent to the "Times" says:—"The monstrousity of this will appear great when it is known that, on Easter Tuesday last, Joseph Haydn, employed at the time by the Admiralty in bringing up the records of the Secretary of State's letters, was struck with paralysis, which has prostrated him to the present hour. Lord Palmerston, the moment he heard of it, enrolled himself among that noble band who 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,' by sending him £100, while Mr. Disraeli and a few others added to this sum enough to purchase, for Mrs. Haydn and family, a shop for the sale of stationery and newspapers (No. 13, Crawley Street, Oakley Square)."

THE RUGELEY POISONING CASES.

THE INQUEST.

THE adjourned inquest was resumed on Wednesday of last week, upon the bodies respectively of Walter Palmer and Mary Palmer—the former the deceased brother, and the latter the late wife of Palmer, the sporting surgeon of Rugeley, who is now in Stafford Gaol, awaiting his trial for the murder of Mr. J. P. Cook, late of Butterworth, Leicestershire.

The bodies of Mrs. Palmer, who died in September, 1854, and that of Mr. Walter Palmer, who died in August last, were exhumed by an order of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and a *post mortem* examination having been made by Dr. Monckton, the contents of the stomach were sent to Dr. Taylor, of Guy's Hospital, for analysis.

On the re-assembling of the jury, Capt. Hatton stated to the coroner, that he had received a communication from Dr. Taylor, in which he said that he had completed his analysis, and was prepared to give an opinion as to the cause of death. At the same time he had not been able to draw up

his report, which would be one of great importance, and which he should wish to have presented to the coroner and jury while he was present. Under these circumstances, he trusted the coroner would grant a further adjournment of the inquiry, and that he would attend on any future day that might be fixed. The inquiry was accordingly adjourned till the following Wednesday.

Although it did not officially transpire, it may be stated that the result of Professor Taylor's inquiry proves that both Mrs. Palmer, the wife of the accused, and Mr. Walter Palmer, his brother, died from the effects of a slow but certain poison, administered with great tact and knowledge of its effects. What that poison was, is not stated, but this fact is known, that it was neither arsenic nor strychnine. Both these poisons, however, have been used in other cases with which Mr. Palmer has been connected; whether or not administered by him, of course, remains to be proved. Dr. Taylor's report, the general outline of which is known to the authorities, will prove that the system of poisoning which has been adopted in reference to the persons whose cases are under consideration, is one of the most remarkable that has ever been brought to light in this country.

THE MISSING LETTER—WHO IS THE TRAITOR?

Considerable uneasiness has been experienced among the police authorities at Rugeley, in consequence of the purport of a private letter received from Professor Taylor by Mr. Gardner, the attorney for the prosecution, having, in a manner unaccounted for by any one, reached the knowledge of the prisoner William Palmer, who, immediately upon gaining the intelligence, wrote a letter to the coroner. After the proceedings of the inquest of Wednesday, and when the jury had retired, Captain Hatton, the chief of the Staffordshire police, applied to the coroner to have the letter given up to him.

A discussion then ensued, in the course of which the Coroner said—I do not wish to suppress the letter; neither can I tell how Palmer obtained the information. That he did get it almost as soon as you (Mr. Gardner) is evident, for it appears in the letter.

Captain Hatton—I repeat that there is a fearful traitor somewhere, and that it is necessary I should have a copy of this letter. I know enough of the letter to say that. How can I place confidential communications in a man's hand until it is explained?

The Coroner—I think I will forward it to the Secretary of State.

Captain Hatton—Will you send it to the Secretary of State by this night's post?

The Coroner—I will, and ask him whether I am right or wrong.

The letter in question is understood to have been sent to the coroner by Palmer at the time the inquiry was pending concerning Cook's death, and before the result of Professor Taylor's analysis had transpired. It is said to intimate that Palmer had seen a letter from Professor Taylor, stating that he had not been able to detect in Cook's stomach any trace of mineral poison. A letter to that effect was received by Mr. Gardner, who is positive that he did not divulge the information. The police authorities cannot understand how Palmer became acquainted with what was then a secret.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES.

Disclosures of a most frightful character, and of a nature almost unsurpassed in the history of crime, are expected to be made before the termination of the inquiry in this case. It is confidently asserted that, upon resuming the inquiry, evidence will be given to show that Mrs. Palmer, before her death, exclaimed to a female attendant in reference to her husband, "Is that wretch in the house? He's murdered me!" The symptoms exhibited during her illness and at her decease, are alleged to be precisely similar to those detailed as manifested by the unfortunate Cook. A surgeon in Stafford, who attended Walter Palmer several times during the short illness which preceded his death, will depose that on the occasion of one visit, Walter complained to him that the pills he had sent him to take the previous night, had made him awfully ill. The surgeon, not having sent his patient any pills, told him so, and was answered that he must be mistaken, for his brother (William Palmer) had given him the pills, and declared that he (the Stafford surgeon) had sent them. Of the £23,000, for which William had insured Walter's life, we are assured not a farthing was paid by any of the various offices, and, therefore, if the crime of fratricide, as supposed, was committed with the view of gaining that sum, the intent was happily frustrated.

Startling as it may appear, the names of no fewer than six persons are mentioned at Rugeley, respecting whose death by poison at the hands of the prisoner statements are made.

The coffins, containing the remains of the deceased, Anne and Walter Palmer, were, upon their exhumation, conveyed from the family vault to the Talbot Inn at Rugeley, and opened, in the presence of the coroner and jury, in the commercial room of the inn. The coffin of Mrs. Palmer, made of oak, was first opened. Having been buried a long time, and the gaseous exhalations being able to escape through the porous wood, the corpse was comparatively dry, and the smell endured. On the removal of the outer coffin, a hole was bored in the leaden receptacle in which Walter Palmer's body was confined, and instantly a most sickening and noxious effluvia escaped, which permeated the entire building, affected parties at the other end of the inn, and produced a sickening effect on all in the immediate vicinity of the coffin. Subsequently the leaden lid was removed, and the spectacle presented by the body was absolutely frightful. The cheeks were so terribly distended as to extend to either side of the coffin; one eye was opened, and the mouth partially so, presenting the appearance of a horrible grin and grimace. Each limb was also swollen to prodigious proportions, and the sight was revolting in the extreme. Nearly all the jurors were afflicted with vomiting and fainting. After the re-interment of the corpses, considerable time elapsed before fumigations could make the house at all bearable; even a week afterwards, the close room in which the bodies were opened strongly smelt of the disgusting odour, and it was found necessary to have the walls scraped and repapered, the doors and woodwork re-painted, and a portion of the floor, on which foul matter had dropped from the coffin of the male deceased, relaid, it being found impossible by planing to divest the boards of the noxious stain and stench.

THE DEATH OF WALTER PALMER, AND THE INSURANCES ON HIS LIFE.

Considerable additional light has been thrown upon the operations of William Palmer, in connection with the transactions with the various life assurance offices of the Metropolis. The following facts relating to them may be relied on as authentic:—It appears that in the early part of 1855, Mr. Walter Palmer, the brother of the accused, called at the Prince of Wales Assurance Office, Regent Street, accompanied by Mr. Pratt, who he stated to be his brother William's solicitor, and intimated his wish to insure his own life for £13,000. From inquiries then made, it was ascertained that Mr. Palmer had been suffering from *delirium tremens*, and the office therefore declined to grant the policy unless at an increased rate of premium. It was stated on that occasion that Mr. William Palmer and his mother had both advanced money to Mr. Walter Palmer, and that the policy would be eventually assigned to Mrs. Palmer for security for such advances. The life was ultimately accepted, and in the month of February last, the first premium was paid by a cheque of Mr. Pratt, the family solicitor; but it has since transpired that the money to pay the cheque was found by William Palmer. The commission was allowed to Mr. Pratt, as the solicitor or agent bringing the business. The Prince of Wales Office, not wishing to take so heavy a risk wholly on themselves alone, divided the responsibility with twenty-one other offices, retaining only for themselves £500. In the month of June following, two other assurances, each for £13,000, were offered to the Indisputable and Athenæum Offices, but they both declined to entertain the proposition, the latter office having already taken part of the risk from the Prince of Wales Office. On the 16th of August last Walter Palmer died, and immediately afterwards notice was given to the Prince of Wales Office. An assignment was also sent, of which no previous notice had been given at the office, although it was alleged that a formal notice of assignment had already been delivered there. The assignment was not to Mrs. Palmer, as first alleged by the deceased Walter Palmer, but turned out to be in favour of William Palmer, the accused, and the consideration was stated to be £400. It has since transpired that the only loan from William Palmer to Walter Palmer was one of £60 only. Before the period of paying the claim arrived, the directors of the Prince of Wales Assurance Office received a letter from a

person in Staffordshire, who alleged that William Palmer had used badly, and containing information which led them to suspect that the deceased had died by unfair means. Relying on this information, steps were immediately taken for the purpose of obtaining evidence, with the view of ascertaining whether the suspicious circumstances were of sufficient gravity to justify the offices in resisting any demand that might be made upon them in respect to the payment of these claims. Accordingly the solicitors and detective officers proceeded to Staffordshire to obtain information as to the habits of the deceased, and the connection of William Palmer with his pecuniary affairs. On arriving, at Rugeley, they ascertained that William Palmer was the person really interested in the policy of assurance in question, and that he had also been in the habit of making propositions for insurances to several London offices, and that he had received £13,000 from the Norwich Union, Equitable, and Sun Offices on the life of his wife, who had died a short time previously under very mysterious circumstances. The deputation having been informed that William Palmer had made a proposal for insuring the life of "George Bates, Esq.," inquired at the Post Office for "George Bates, Esq.," and were informed that he would be found at Mr. Palmer's; that he was a gentleman, and that in all probability he would give "the gentleman from London" a bottle of old wine, as he had a capital cellar. Field then proceeded to Rugeley, and, to his amazement, found "George Bates, Esq.," who had been represented as a gentleman of property and position in the country, in the act of cleaning out Palmer's stable. Field inquired whether he was Mr. George Bates. He replied in the affirmative. A conversation ensued, in the course of which Field said, "I understand you are going to insure your life; for what amount do you intend to insure?" Bates replied that he had left all that to Mr. Palmer; but that he was to have some money for himself, the amount of which he did not state. Field subsequently had an interview with William Palmer, whom he informed that the object of his visit was to obtain information respecting the death of his brother Walter. Palmer then expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and added that the insurance offices had a perfect right, and were, in fact, bound to make every possible inquiry, in order to satisfy themselves as to the justice of all claims made upon them. Field subsequently alluded to the mysterious death of Palmer's wife, and said that perhaps he would have no objection to inquiries being made by the Norwich Union, Equitable, and Sun offices, into the circumstances attending her death. Palmer replied, with great coolness, that he could have no possible objection to such a proceeding, if the offices desired it. The subsequent inquiries led the solicitors and detective officers to the conclusion that Mr. Wm. Palmer had induced the medical men, by false representations as to his brother's habits and general health, to fill up the documents forwarded to the assurance offices in such a way as to lead them to suppose that the life was one which they could safely accept. The result of the investigation made in Staffordshire was that the offices resolved to defend themselves to the utmost, on the ground of fraud, against any legal proceedings that might be taken by William Palmer, or the representatives of the late Walter Palmer, to recover the amount of the policies. It may also be stated that William Palmer is alleged to have attempted the life of the boots at the inn, that person having complained of illness after drinking a glass of brandy and water mixed for him in the bar by the accused. The boots had been examined by one of the detectives, and William Palmer subsequently interrogated him as to whether the "gentleman from London" had put any questions to him relating to himself or his deceased brother. The boots denied that he had been questioned on the subject, and then William Palmer asked him whether he would have anything to drink. Mr. Dean (one of the solicitors referred to above afterwards repaired to the Isle of Man, when he discovered that Walter Palmer had resided there for some time, and had suffered severely from attacks of *delirium tremens*, during one of which he had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat.

No proceedings have as yet been taken against the Prince of Wales office, or any of the other assurance companies, to recover the amount of the policy insured by the prisoner.

DEATH OF MR. BLADEN.—CURIOUS FACTS.

Searching inquiries continue to be made relative to the various proposals made by Palmer (the accused) to the insurance offices. It appears that a solicitor applied to the Midland Counties Insurance Office, to be appointed an agent to that establishment. The directors caused their secretary (Mr. Andrews) to make his report relative to the eligibility of the applicant. Mr. Andrews having ascertained that the applicant had been for some years on the rolls, he was admitted an agent for the company. The solicitor submitted the name of Mr. Palmer as medical referee, and his request was complied with. A few days afterwards the officer received a proposal from the solicitor, on the life of George Bates, for £10,000, the individual who, it will be remembered, Inspector Field, while prosecuting another case, found to be Palmer's occasional servant, and on whose life a proposal had been already sent in to the Solicitors' and General Life Office for £25,000. The directors of the Midland Counties Life Office had some misgivings, and therefore instituted inquiries, from which they inferred that fraud was intended, being dissatisfied with the assurance given to them that Bates intended to take a farm, and to raise money upon the insurance. So strong was the feeling of the directors on the subject, that they declined to avail themselves further of Mr. Palmer's services as one of their medical referees.

It has also been mentioned, although the particulars have not been given in detail, that a person, the agent of a brewer, was on a visit to Palmer about five years since, and that he died there. That person was a Mr. Bladen, who was a collector in Charrington's firm. Mr. Bladen had been staying with Palmer about six days, and during that period he was taken suddenly ill. Palmer, who, as a surgeon attended him, and in a letter to his wife, stated that her husband was dangerously ill, and requested her to come to Rugeley without delay. On her arrival the same night, she was shown into Mr. Bladen's bed-room, where she found Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thirby. Bladen was at the time insensible, and dying fast. Palmer allowed her to remain in the bed-room but a few minutes, and in an hour or two afterwards, Bladen ceased to exist. She requested to see her husband's dead body, but Palmer would not allow her to do so, because the sight would be too much for her. Palmer's wife is reported to have been greatly agitated when she heard of Bladen's death, and exclaimed—"My poor mother died when on a visit here last year—and now this man. What will people say?" Palmer afterwards searched Bladen's pockets, and brought, as he stated, the contents to Mrs. Bladen, namely, £15. Mrs. Bladen was surprised at the smallness of the amount, her husband having left London, as she believed, with £200 in his pocket. Palmer replied that, since Bladen had been in Rugeley, he had been betting heavily, and had been unfortunate. Mrs. Bladen desired to have the body removed to London, but Palmer persuaded her not to do so, as the expense would be so great. She afterwards ascertained that the cost could not have been nearly so large as he represented.

A SIXTH VICTIM.

In addition to the cases already referred to, another has been named. Information has just been given to Captain Hatton, the chief of the Staffordshire constabulary, that a gentleman connected with the turf, who was accompanied by Palmer to the races at Leicester, not a great while since, whose horse won there, and who was said to have realised a large sum of money by his betting on the race, became dangerously ill immediately afterwards, and was attended professionally by Palmer. Before his death, the poor fellow's wife had arrived at his bed-side, summoned there by the dying man. He had strength sufficient to tell her that he had won a large sum from Palmer, and in a day or so afterwards he expired. As soon after death as was compatible with the melancholy position which the widow occupied, she told Palmer what her husband had said to her, and, as there was scarcely any money found in the deceased's pockets, asked him for a portion of the money which her deceased husband had won from him in betting. Palmer, it is said, replied that she was greatly misled; that, on the contrary, her husband was largely indebted to him. In consequence of Palmer's refusal to pay her any money, she had to borrow money to bury her husband, and to enable her to return to her home.

All the efforts of the police to find Mr. Cook's missing betting-book have hitherto been unavailing.

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